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OCTOBER 8, 1968

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
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NATIONAL REVIEW

'CRIME ON THE CAMPUS'—the Berkeley campus; and by crime I don't mean anti-intellectualism, or a speech by Humphrey (*JOHN R. COYNE, JR.*)...

'HEROES IN THE SEAWEED,' a report n Newport by a hippy anqué (*ANTHONY R. DOLAN*)...

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Why the Gold Crisis Could Trigger the Next Depression

AND HOW YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR LIFE SAVINGS

If economist William F. Rickenbacker is right, there may be little time left to convert your holdings to a form that can withstand the coming financial holocaust. In DEATH OF THE DOLLAR, he explains with cool — no, bone-chilling — logic, why he thinks the depression must come. Then he reasons out the steps (the very few steps) that you can take to protect the assets you've accumulated.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE! You lose your job or business. You see the value of your stocks or property drop by half overnight. You lose most of your savings. In effect, you must pay twice as much for your mortgage or car loan, *and you can't get any further credit!* The trouble is, this may not just be a bad dream; it could be a FACT.

According to Rickenbacker, *the stage is already set for the worst depression in American history.* It is the current gold crisis that will trigger the holocaust. Nobody knows exactly how and when; it could be next year or maybe next week. But strike it will, says Rickenbacker, *probably with no more warning than what you are reading right now!*

Step by step, the author explains why. He shows how our gold reserves are tied to our international balance of payments. With plain horse-sense reasoning, he shows why all the financial parachutes and fire extinguishers that the government has laced through our money system will prove to be *frauds* when the chips are down.

Does FDIC insurance on your savings account make you feel secure? At this very moment the FDIC can pay no more than $1 for every $100 of yours it has insured! Are you impressed when the Federal Reserve "monetizes the debt"? Rickenbacker shows how this can take a $100 debt, turn it into a $600 credit and skyrocket the cost of milk and eggs. Does $10 billion in gold sound like plenty of "reserves"? It's less than half of what we had just a few years ago – and it now is supposed to support *four times more* in short-term loans to the U.S. How long will foreign countries continue to accept our notes – our promise to pay in gold – *when they know we soon may have no gold?*

Above all–Rickenbacker shows why Wall Street and the entire financial community can be *expected* to be caught napping when the hurricane strikes. (Their slumber is almost a required ingredient.)

How You May AVOID Financial Disaster

If a reading of Rickenbacker's analysis makes sense to you, you'll want to know what steps to take as a hedge against the trouble ahead. The author analyzes all the major investment possibilities – stocks, bonds, convertibles, real estate, cash savings, art treasures, etc. – showing which types of holdings you may want to avoid, which are more likely to provide you with a crash helmet.

Please understand, *this is not a tip sheet in book form.* There is no "sell Tweedledum and buy Tweedledee" advice. This is a financial analysis written in plain (and graceful) English. Any high school student can understand it. The purpose is to show the average investor what *really* is going on in the world of international finance so that he can make more knowledgeable decisions about his current and future investments.

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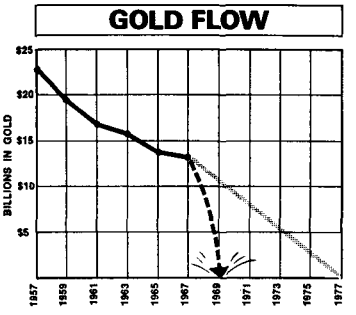

THE CHART TELLS THE STORY. Black line shows loss of gold reserves since 1957 as foreigners cash in dollars for gold. Grey line projects loss of remaining gold by 1977 IF rate of loss stays the same. But the outflow is sure to speed up. Reason: we continue to spend far more dollars than we can redeem in gold. Broken line shows what will happen as nervous creditors lose confidence and "rush" our government in a panic to "get their gold before it's too late". Then the U.S. must stop redeeming dollars for gold or run out of gold – thus driving the price way up and cutting the dollar's buying power. Will it happen this month? In 1969? 1970? No one knows; it could happen any time now.

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* *Don't jump to any conclusions*

Only 2 or 3 of the above investments will weather the coming financial storm, according to Rickenbacker. Every expert who saw this chart before publication of the book guessed wrong. When Rickenbacker explained the reasoning behind his choices, every expert ended up agreeing with the author!

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"It is certain that the reform [increase in gold price] will have to be carried out. The only question is to know whether it will be done before or after the general crisis."
— William F. Rickenbacker

William F. Rickenbacker is an independent investment advisor and Wall Street analyst. If you read his first book, *Wooden Nickels* (1966), you know that he flatly predicted that silver prices would skyrocket. If you followed his advice, Rickenbacker has put you in a brand new tax bracket – and you will need no urging to read his new analysis of the gold crisis.

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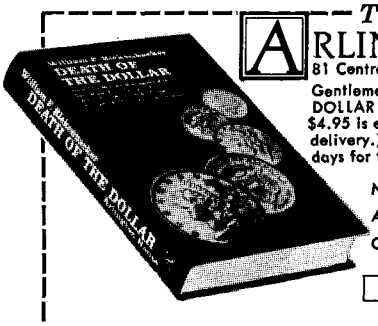

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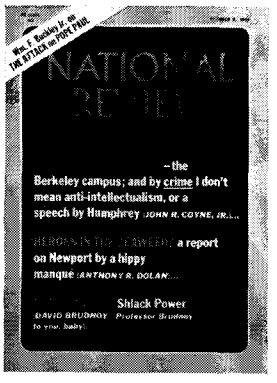
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Fall semester's on and it's Orientation Week at NATIONAL REVIEW. Take a look first at black student power and some of its wilder notions, such as that courses in Negro or African history, languages, etc. should, nay, *must* be taught by Negro or African instructors. College administrators here, there and everywhere are rewarding this racist line with instant capitulation, and the managers of our society are falling for much other nonsense dished out by the negative rhetoricians of black power. Professor **David Brudnoy** writes about it all from his post as assistant professor of history at Northeastern University in Boston, where he recently introduced a new course in Negro history, though he isn't himself a Negro and can't for the life of him see what difference it makes. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.** is a Marine vet, a teacher of English and an academic librarian who is presently working toward a Ph. D. at Berkeley. He tells of some interesting developments on that campus this past summer. . . . And **Anthony R. Dolan** went to the Newport Folk Festival, where the flower children were who didn't go to Chicago. Mr. Dolan is a folksinger (pro-American) with an album on the market called *Cry the Beloved Country*. . . . Radicals, hippies, The Kids et al. are cartoonist **Mary Gauerke**'s favorite subjects. We couldn't do with less than a page. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** measures the candidates for sheer aesthetic appeal, something without which, he maintains, affluent Americans can't take their politics these days. Profesor Hart returns to teach at Dartmouth this fall.


NATIONAL REVIEW
—the Berkeley campus; and by crime I don't mean anti-intellectualism, or a speech by Humphrey JOHN R. COYNE, JR.
a report on Newport by a hippy manque ANTHONY R. DOLAN
Shlack Power
DAVID BRUDNOY Professor Brudnoy

■ The book section lead (see p. 1017) has special significance for *NR* readers. It is eleven years since Edgar Smith entered the death house at the State Prison of New Jersey in Trenton, five years since his case was first brought to the public's attention in these pages (*NR*, October 8, 1963). Smith has now written a book (introduction: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.) which hoists our reviewer, **John Chamberlain**, on the point of some of his pet anti-Warren Court convictions. "If," writes Mr. Chamberlain, "the Supreme Court lets Mr. Smith die it will be guilty of misconstruing everything it has said about the rights of the accused . . ." . . . **Guy Davenport** applauds "the most reticent and modest of autobiographies," the memoirs of Edgar Ansel Mowrer. The subject, now as always, is History. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie**'s autobiography, *Long Shadows*, was published in America last year. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl**, author of *The Jew in America*, reproves the tendentiousness of some recent additions to the Negro history shelf. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** doesn't dislike *all* contemporary music—some of it is dandy.

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN REAL TROUBLE?

Yes, says author Joseph Boyle in his now-famous article, "The Catholic Plot against the Catholic Church." The very idea may scandalize you (whether you're Catholic or non-Catholic) but Mr. Boyle makes such a strong case you can't ignore it—or put it down once you've started to read it!

Here you will find an all too plausible explanation for the growing uneasiness of a great many Catholics who see less and less resemblance between the church they attend today and the Church they grew up in. Step by logical step you see how an unbelievably small band of revolutionaries set about to overthrow the existing institutional church from within —and to what extent they have succeeded. It's all here, from the capture of Good Pope John to the disgraceful snubbing of Pope Paul. It's an almost incredible story that anyone with an interest in the future of the Catholic Church will read avidly.

When "The Catholic Plot against the Catholic Church" first appeared in *National Review* it created an immediate sensation. Because of the demand for extra copies we have reprinted this amazing article in pamphlet form. Now you can get all the copies you need for yourself, your friends and relatives. And after you read it you'll probably want to send copies to priests and sisters you know and especially to members of the clergy in your own parish. It's that sort of article. Don't miss it. Order your copies now at these low rates.

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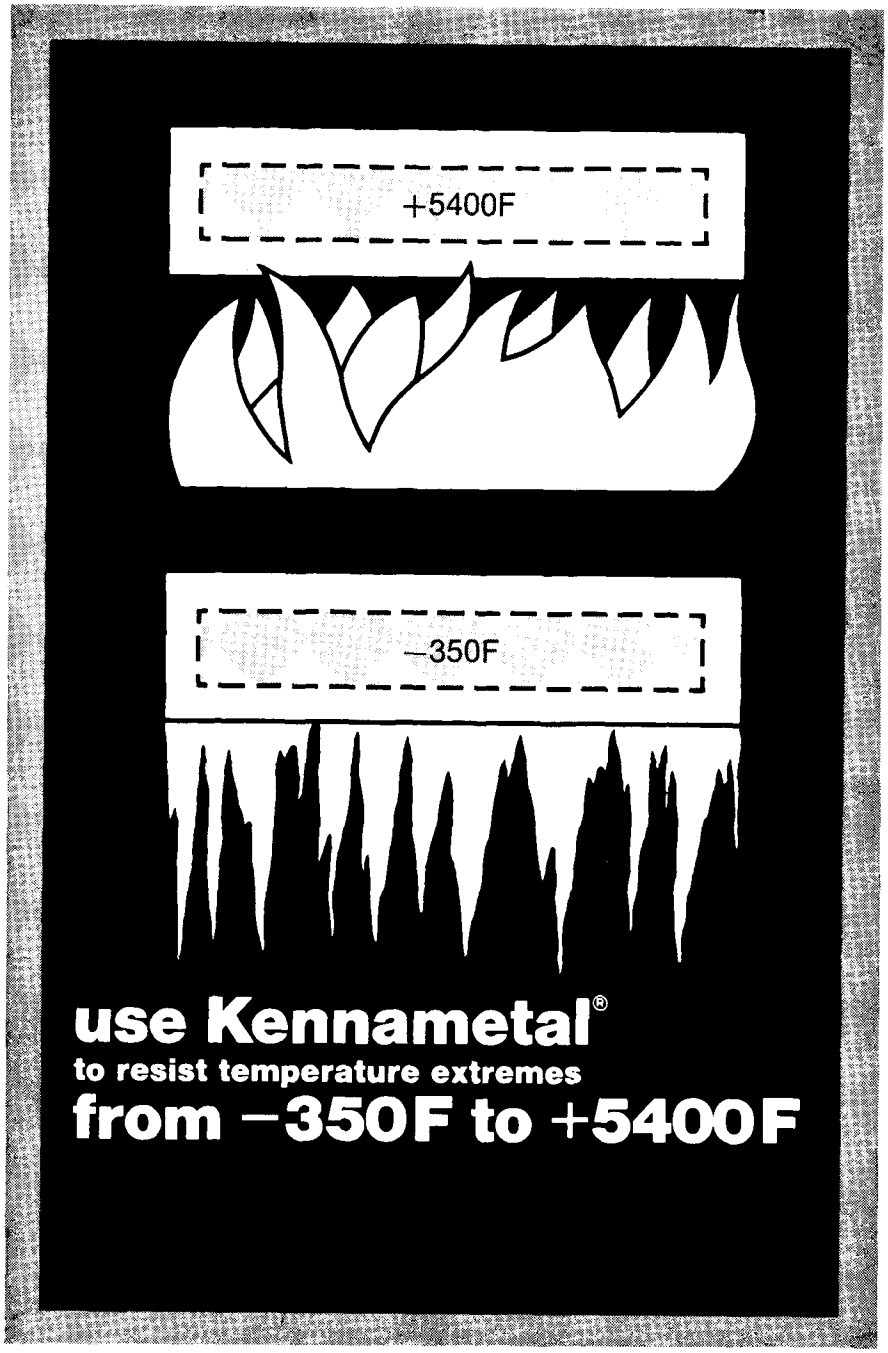

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LETTERS

Wills on Chicago

I have just finished reading Mr. Garry Wills' "Convention in the Streets" [*NR*, Sept. 24] and feel that he should be writing for the *Nation*, *Saturday Review*, etc. and not such a fine magazine as NATIONAL REVIEW.

Golden, Colo. FRANCIS DeFILIPPO

Though I hold no brief for Mayor Daley, there were no assassinations and no fatalities in Chicago. I question whether, given the direction and control of a similar situation, Mr. Wills with all his forethought, planning and persuasion would have had a less unruly crowd to cope with. On the contrary, my guess is they might have strung him up by the heels.

New York, N.Y. LUCY MERRION SHIELS

It seems to me that Garry Wills missed the point. His reporting, carefully done indeed, failed to show him that the children who have been brought up on the permissive non-discipline of Dr. Spock are running away from reality. It is the children who ran and are running "up against the wall."

Grand Junction, Colo. MRS. E. FRANCIS

NR on Chicago

Boy, thanks for the super editorial on the Chicago convention disturbances [Sept. 24]. That step-by-step rundown of the real facts was just beautiful. I especially liked Point 3—it's a shame that those virgin-eared policemen were subjected to such vile language. Why, I'll bet if their mothers knew what the demonstrators were yelling at their boys, they would probably have made them stay home and read Shakespeare or a Hardy Boys mystery or whatever policemen do in their leisure.

Point 4 needs some work though. One of your editors carelessly slipped this in to explain why 32 reporters and photographers were mauled: ". . . a policeman handling a mob may not have the time to examine press credentials." Now it is obvious the author tried to be cute and throw in a bit of understatement, but it does leave me with one gnawing thought —if the demonstrators were dirty, filthy, long-haired, red-necked Yippie anarchists with spiked golf balls, hair spray, and large bricks and sticks for equipment, how could a newsman, dressed in a suit or at least a shirt and tie, and equipped with camera, pencil, notepad, and microphone be mistaken for one of those mealy-mouthed Neanderthalic rebels? Oh well, I guess if I were a policeman and saw so many hostile people "over-reacting" at me,

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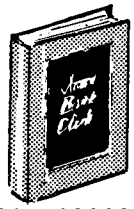

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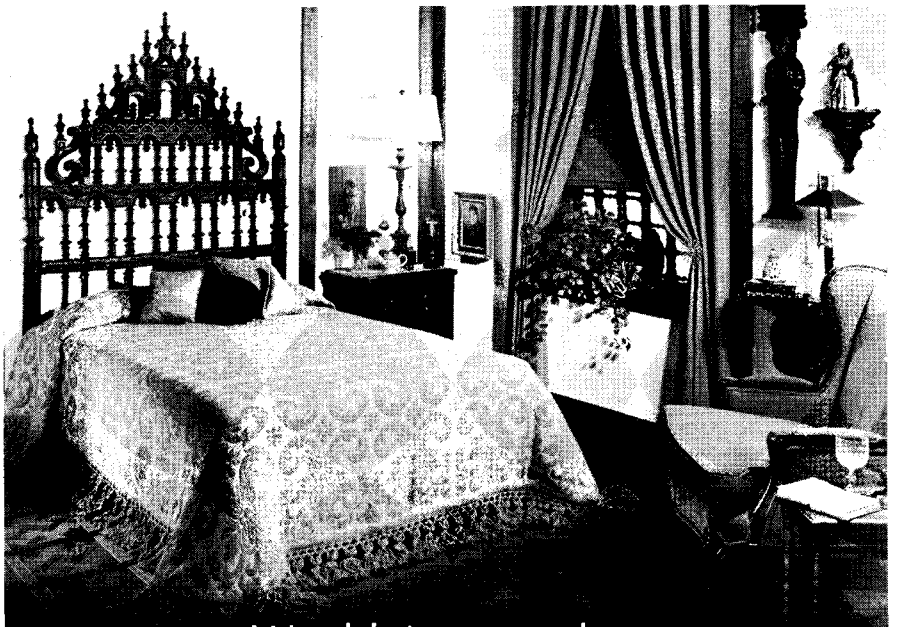

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Today, Chicago. Tomorrow, Oreland.—ED.

Assertive Disarmament

How irresponsible can you get? I refer to the article "Assertive Disarmament" by Robert M. Lawrence and William R. Van Cleave [Sept. 10]. Bernard Fall published the same kind of irresponsible suggestion that we bomb North Vietnam. Your idea is even worse.

Houston, Tex. MARGUERITE DUPUY

In reference to "Assertive Disarmament," there are several points which I believe should be examined.

1) The fifth alternative (guaranteed protection for non-nuclear powers) smacks of another Tonkin Gulf Resolution, or another inroad for Vietnam II. 2) The seventh alternative (commitments to contain China) may be utilized by provision of ABM systems, or more, to the governments of Free China, Japan and Thailand. I do not believe that extensive manpower commitments will provide a permanent solution. It would rather lead to permanent stationing of many GIs abroad and may lead to discontent at home (witness the NATO resolution of Senator Mansfield). 3) The question of whether China is governed by military-psychological logic may be answered by citing Chinese reluctance to send fighting men into Vietnam, failure to provoke Russia into direct conflict, and failure to provoke major Western powers (except weak-kneed Britain) into any confrontation. 4) As to the proposal to "hire" another nation to do our dirty work, instead of counting on Free China, we should consider arming our SEATO members, who consent, with our finest bombers bearing SEATO markings. This would make the strike a multilateral affair. 5) In reference to the timing of a strike against the sites, may I suggest the time immediately following a nuclear test by China? Waiting for a strike against India, or nuclear blackmail in Asia seems to suggest that China would already possess the Bomb with a delivery system. 6) I would tend to sympathize with the non-nuclear force argument. The cost to the U.S., or SEATO, for being the first to break the nuclear stalemate would be far too great. The pollution of air is to be considered, also. If the attack is correctly conducted, a minimum of combat losses could be expected.

I believe the proposal is not academic, but worthy of study in American and SEATO military circles. As to whether it will ever be studied depends on China and the next President of the United States.

N. Palm Beach, Fla. DAVID B. MITCHELL

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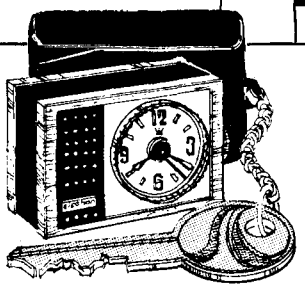
haverhill's



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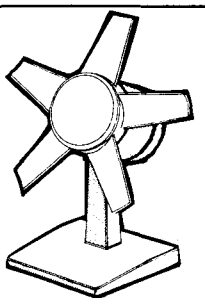

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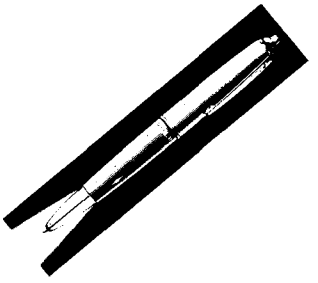

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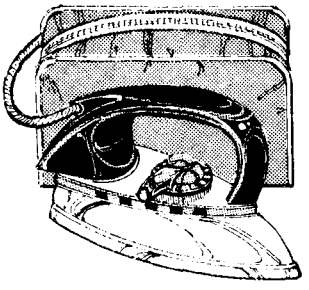

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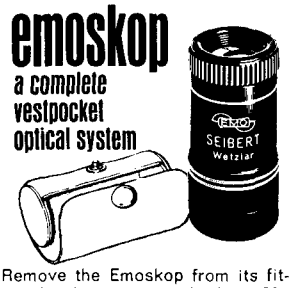

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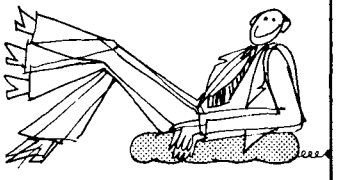

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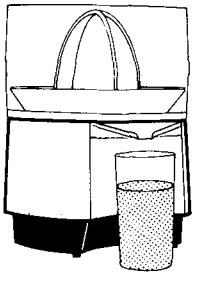

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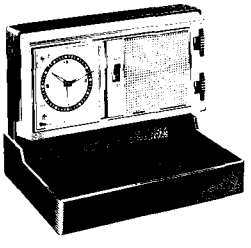

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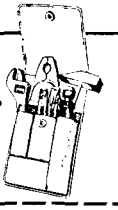

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Wright's Law of Economic Equilibrium

The only sound action of any individual or group of individuals in economic activity is, the exchange of acknowledged values.

The degree of the exchange of acknowledged values is the measure of the life, size, and profit or loss of any economic venture.

This Law, understood and translated into continuous action, unlocks the minds of men at all levels, so each thinks and produces as never before.

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Example, with a leading U. S. company — 1967 over 1966:

(1) A seven-figure, 50% increase in Profit After Taxes.
(2) Dynamic increase in Share-of-Market.
(3) Despite industry recession and multiplied competition.
(4) Accomplished with essentially the same people, products, facilities, expenditures.
(5) With sole major change—this concept and its hard-headed program of implementation.

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We say to any libertarian corporate chief executive, "Unequivocably, substantial individual and company growth, and major increases in profit and share-of-market, lie within your own men and organization, with the motivation and multiplying action of this concept and program." It is wholly confidential. Client identities are not disclosed, except by clients. Discussion will not obligate you in any way, but it is necessary that you and I sit down face to face and talk. Let us set a convenient time. Pick up your phone and call me personally. Cyril Wright . . .

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I wish to express my thanks for publishing the article on "Assertive Disarmament." While I do not entirely agree with the proposition involved, I feel that it has served to create second thoughts about our present foreign policy. The article should open valuable new discussion on the disarmament problem.

However, I object strenuously to the front cover of that same issue. The person who saw the cover but did not buy the magazine might have an entirely mistaken impression of what was inside. You state you are publishing the article "in the interests of open and informed debate." This tells me that the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW do not necessarily advocate the bombing of China and the rest of Communist Asia. The casual observer of your cover would be led to believe that you do advocate such a thing.

Columbus, Ga. GEORGE HATHAWAY III

You seem intrigued with the concept of "bombing the bomb." Instead, I would propose the formation of an international band of agents. These men would bicycle their way through China disguised as Red Guard militants. Upon reaching their assigned targets, the agents would destroy these nuclear facilities with their rice bowls, which are, in fact, composed of plastic explosives. Then, the victorious saboteurs could either destroy themselves in the ensuing explosion or courageously attempt to rough it back through China without a rice bowl.

This skillfully-devised plan offers many advantages: 1) It is not a direct military action involving U. S. Armed Forces; 2) no advanced U. S. weapons systems are used; 3) it is an international action; 4) the chances of any form of retaliation by the USSR and Red China are greatly lessened; 5) the amount of unfavorable world opinion should be reduced; 6) since it is an international action, many more persons would judge the action entirely on its own merits as a venture to avert the Third World War; and 7) it could be made into a fairly good movie.

Hamilton, Ohio RONALD P. TUTAS

Usury and the Church

Will Herberg, in his "Reflections on the New Encyclical" [Sept. 10], implies that the Church has changed its teachings in regard to usury. This is a claim widely made by the contraceptionists in their attempts to establish a precedent to justify a change in the Church's teachings regarding birth control. Such is not the case, however.

Usury is still a sin. However under modern conditions, money-lending for interest does not constitute the sin of usury. Two factors exist now which did not exist when the Church made its apparently ironclad ban on usury. At that time, before the industrial revolution and capitalism, money did not make money. By lend-

(Continues on p. 1027)

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THE WEEK

■ Bet you don't know who was just elected President of the General Assembly of the United Nations. For that matter, bet you don't remember the name of the gentleman whom he replaces, or what he did. Hell, we're willing to bet that *he* doesn't remember what he did.

■ The Capitol drones with talk of dirty movies, big-money lecture fees coughed up by old friends and business associates, and moonlight braintrusting at the White House, all in an effort to determine Abe Fortas' fitness for promotion. But some senators are wondering, have we yet reached the point where a determination need be made? Back in June, Earl Warren wrote the President to say that he would retire from the Supreme Court "effective at your pleasure." The President wrote back saying that his pleasure would be to "accept your decision to retire at such time as a successor is qualified." One interpretation of this ambiguous exchange is that Warren will continue to sit on the Court until the Senate approves the nomination of a successor—any successor, not necessarily Fortas—at which time Warren will step down. The countertranslation goes this way: If the Senate rejects Fortas, Warren, with the approval of the President, may withdraw his resignation and stay on indefinitely. In which case he has not really retired. In which case there is no vacancy to be filled. In which case the Fortas proceedings are technically irrelevant.

■ Treasury Secretary Fowler is winding up his chores and preparing to retire. They say he has some personal medical problems to take care of. But his departure would have been, in any case, a necessary preliminary to a change in U.S. monetary policies, especially in relation to gold, foreign payments, and the international monetary system. Just as Douglas Dillon ("we have enough silver to last into the 1980s") had to retire before we demonetized silver, so Mr. Fowler ("the existing official price of gold . . . is the backbone of the monetary system") must withdraw before we change the price of gold. In this connection it is interesting to note that Fowler's recent and longwinded speech on U.S. monetary policy was the first such official pronouncement in many years to address itself to the gold question and omit the ritual promise to maintain the present price of gold. Fowler spoke on a Tuesday—allowing the U.S. investors to digest his remarks during the regularly closed stock exchange Wednesday. In Europe, however, the gold markets were hardly ruffled, and the unofficial price of gold remained near its high for the year.

■ While the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr. was educating his flock in the virtue of violence, or at least the non-virtue of non-violence, another flock in another city heard another message. The Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. led the Sunday devotions of his parishioners along the lines set down by George Corley Wallace. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. agrees with George Corley Wallace that there is no difference between the Republicans and the Democrats, but the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr. differs from the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr. in fashioning the proper response. Whereas the Rev. WSC Jr. would emulate Mark Rudd, or Jesus, in violent protest (J chasing moneylenders = MR at Columbia, says he) the Rev. ACP Jr. would scram. If GCW wins the election, says Rev. ACP Jr., "I'll leave the country." This, surely, is carrying non-violence to extremes?

■ Crime, in the streets and elsewhere, rose 21 per cent in the first half of 1968, according to the FBI's synthesis of reports from 5,000 law enforcement agencies. For the first half of 1967, the rise was 14 per cent. Nobody knows what in the world to do about it, now that "law and order" is a code-word for racism. Maybe we need a code-word for law and order?*

■ Cesar Chavez of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) has had trouble lining up members among California grape pickers. So, backed by the AFL-CIO, Candidate Eugene McCarthy, the ACLU, SNCC, SDS, Saul Alinsky, and Lord knows who else, Chavez and the UFWOC have tried to establish a national boycott of California table grapes. Luckily the boycott has been less than perfect, so California's 8,000 grape pickers aren't terribly hurt. But they do resent the insidious campaign that paints them as migratory, underpaid, dissident wretches. The majority of them are resident in the valleys they harvest; their pay is about 25 per cent higher than the minimum so deplored by Sen. McCarthy; and they have formed a counter-organization, Agricultural Workers' Freedom to Work Organization, whose head, José Mendoza, is on a national speaking tour to defend the right of Californians to resist compulsory unionism. What California could use is a right-to-work law (we'll call it the William Knowland Memorial Bill). Meanwhile, pass the grapes, please.

■ Russia's diplomatic maneuvering, like its socialist realism in art, can be heavy-handed. It certainly was a fortnight ago when Russia invoked an obscure clause in the United Nations Charter authorizing UN members to prevent new aggressive action by former Axis powers and threatened to interfere militarily in West Germany's internal affairs. It was a Soviet version of the shell game. Perhaps if we talk hard enough and fast enough about the big bad Germans nobody will notice our troops in Czechoslovakia; we may even razzle-dazzle the world into believing that we had to move in on Prague to protect ourselves. Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger, duly alarmed, urged the United States to reply—which we did, but

*We have a sinking feeling this isn't original with us, but so help us it came like a meteor in the night.

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slowly, reluctantly. Still, Washington is on record. Any Soviet move on Bonn will mean instant NATO response.

■ *Il Borghese* has reported that during the French unrest this summer, Catholic priests joined the fray, dressed in civvies, in the name of the brand new redhot "theology of violence," fighting alongside the Maoists, anarchists, Trotskyists—"with the authorization and, apparently, under the direct supervision of their superiors." The police were given quite a *grattacapo* (puzzle, worry: lit., head-scratcher) when the fierce phalanxes broke up and dozens of the fighters "disappeared without a trace"—presumably back to the monasteries. That was at Chantilly. At Versailles, on the balcony of the seminary, the red flag waved on high, sporting the hammer and sickle and testifying to the seminarians' involvement in the "world struggle."

■ The Judge's Misjudgement: Last May, Paul Lazarus Jr., president of Federal Department stores, made a speech on Vietnam expenditures and predicted a fiscal 1968 budget deficit of from $15 billion to $18 billion. Not so, snapped Associate Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, in a phone call to Lazarus. And furthermore, added Fortas, such an exaggeration by its publication was a public disservice in that it undermined confidence in the handling of the war. Well, the returns are in and according to the figures the budget deficit for fiscal 1968 will be in the neighborhood of $25 billion. Undoubtedly this is one opinion Mr. Justice Fortas wishes he had not given.

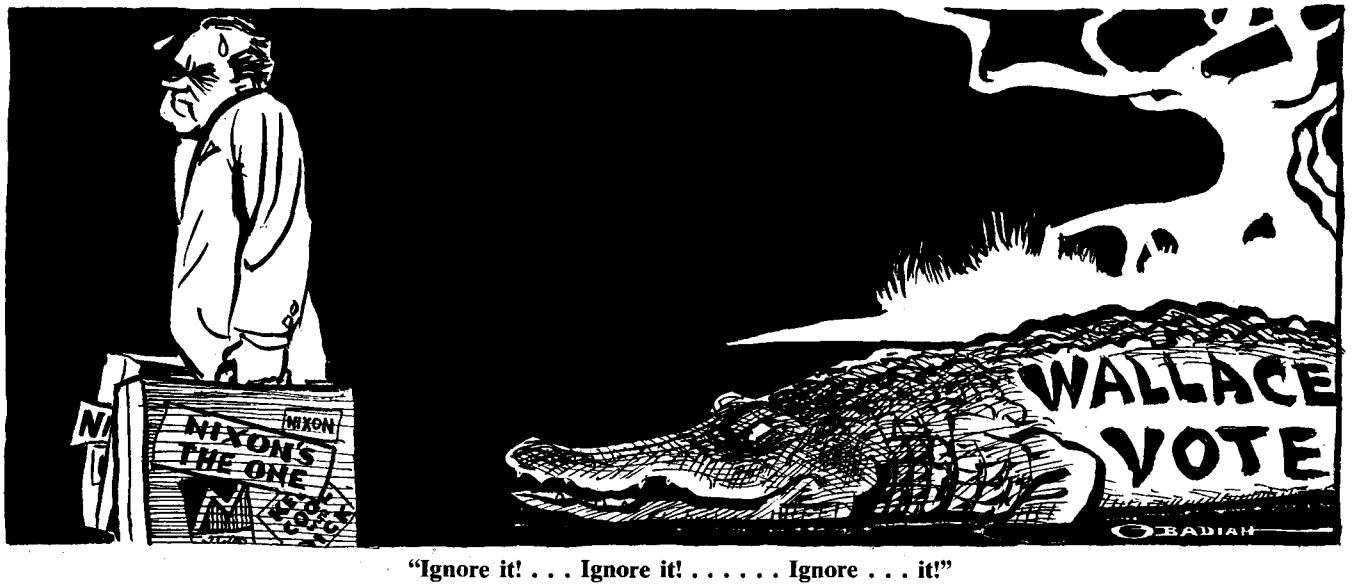
■ At an American university, eighteen students are being paid to read *Tom Sawyer* word by word—backwards, lest they become interested in the story and forget the business at hand, which is to determine, e.g., how many times Mark Twain wrote "Aunt Polly" and how many times, "aunt Polly"; how many times "ssst!" and how many "sssst!". Thanks to something called the "work-study program," 85 per cent of their pay comes from the Federal Government because what they are doing is classified as "academic work." Our source for this information, Mr. Edmund Wilson, is no fabulist. Such work, he explains, enables professors to produce super-scholarly editions of American classics—editions that, he objects, are too big, too expensive and too cluttered with scholarly impedimenta to be of any use to the common reader. Mr. Wilson would rather see the government subsidize inexpensive, durable, readable, complete editions of the national literature (we have no complete Melville, no Henry James, no Parkman, only a hyper-scholarly Twain). NATIONAL REVIEW doesn't like government subsidies, but if Uncle *must* support literature we wish he'd do it on Mr. Wilson's plan. Then *everybody* can read *Tom Sawyer* backwards, on his own time.

The Nixon Path

Richard Nixon is using the strategic pattern of his fight for the nomination to guide his campaign for the Presidency: a precedent that must with good reason be comforting. Again, as in the nomination race, he finds himself placed by fate in a center position; between Wallace on his right and Humphrey on his left, now, as before between Reagan and Rockefeller. This gives him an ideal opportunity to offer himself to the voters as the mainstream candidate—a chance denied him in 1960—and he is systematically, sometimes it seems almost too systematically, exploiting his opportunity.

One should add that his strategic pattern is not mere political, imagined illusion. Granted the real situation of 1968, Nixon is in truth the mainstream candidate, as Wallace's redneck demagogy and Humphrey's growing hysteria alike attest.

The day-to-day tactics dictated by this strategic estimate do not make for colorful or inspiring politics. The



"Ignore it! . . . Ignore it! . . . . . Ignore . . . it!"

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candidate who charts the central mainstream course risks bumping his bow or fouling his rudder if he tries fancy navigating. Steady on is the word, and steady it is for Nixon's advance toward his goal. We shall therefore have to take a good deal on faith: faith that when he gets the votes he needs, and no longer has to submit to that frightful wooing ritual mass democracy imposes on its leaders, he will speak with a clearer, firmer, less neutrally balanced voice.

It would seem certain that he is going to get those votes, were it not that Fortune is so mischievous. This has been a year for spectaculars, and there may be yet one more before November 5. It does not seem likely that Nixon, set on his course, will make a major error, and it does not seem possible that Humphrey could manage an impressive enough coup to pull him out of his bog. But there's still a President, and Lyndon Johnson might, just might, want to do something very startling before he leaves the big stage. And then there's George Wallace moving up on the ontside, moving at a rate that has all the dopesters confounded and expanding sections of the stands cheering in a way they're not cheering for any of the others. If Wallace gets enough electoral votes to deny Nixon a majority, who will guarantee he won't make his deal with Humphrey? And did you ever hear of a Democrat refusing a deal—unless he got a better offer?

Zond Calling

On October 26, 1963, then Premier Khrushchev, at his most genial, gave newsmen a statement about Soviet ideas on the moon and space. "At the present time," he told them, "we do not plan flights of cosmonauts to the moon. I have read a report that the Americans wish to land a man on the moon by 1970. Well, let's wish them success. And we will see how they will fly there, and how they will land there or, to be more correct, 'moon' there. . . . We will take their experience into account. For us it is good enough on earth."

How happy everyone was to hear it from No. One's own lips! Now we could relax in good conscience. Chairman Clinton P. Anderson (D., N.M.) of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee allowed that "the pace of the lunar project now can be a little more leisurely," with "some savings made." Dr. Linus Pauling hadn't even waited for the good word from K. Four days before, addressing the National Academy of Sciences, he attacked the whole moon program as "a pitiful demonstration," concluding that "something is wrong with our system of values when we plan to spend billions of dollars for national prestige." The *New York Times* solemnly explained K.'s "disavowal of any interest in reaching the moon by 1970" as "the product of his current economic difficulties," and sympathetically quoted *Komsomolskaya Pravda*'s query: "Why are cosmic flights needed altogether? Aren't there earthly tasks which are more important and affect human beings more directly?"

So, with K.'s blessing, we cut back, year by year, not merely our moon project (Apollo) but our entire space program, culminating in this year's slashing of an already bare-bones NASA budget that led, Sept. 16, to the resignation of NASA chief James E. Webb. He was "not satisfied" with the curtailed program, said Mr. Webb when handing in his papers. "What this really means is we are going to be in second place for some time to come. The United States will definitely not draw equal to the Soviet Union with the current space program. They are proceeding without letup and we at the end of this fiscal year will be down to about half of the peak to which we had built and so they will be flying more flights and developing a capability in space at a much more rapid rate than we will for the next several years."

Just six days later came the confirmation of Mr. Webb's gloomy and alarming words, when Zond 5 (monitored by Britain and the United States) completed its brilliant journey from earth orbit out to and around the moon and back through space and the earth's atmosphere to a soft landing dead on target in the Indian Ocean. Zond 5 does not of itself show that the Soviet Union will be first to land men on the moon or even that Moscow intends to try a manned landing in the near future. But it verifies once more a fact that many Americans—and we at NATIONAL REVIEW were for a while among them—find hard to credit: the fact that in spite of the inefficiency and distortions of its economy in general, the Soviet Union has for many years pursued a deliberate, consistent, persistent, vast and remarkably successful space program—a program not merely to put satellites up into near space or go to the moon or carry out other specific operations, but *to achieve mastery of space*. Khrushchev in 1963 was merely conning us in the old Bolshevik manner, and we fell for it in the old democratic manner.

Whether or not they decide to land on the moon in the next couple of years—and the odds are that they will—the Russians are at a stage where they can in the comparatively near future place large space vehicles into more or less permanent orbit. They are already into a planetary program while we have no defined, much less funded, space program going beyond Apollo—that is, beyond preliminary scouting of the moon. The Russians, that is to say, are, in their space program proper (as distinguished from near-in satellites), ahead of us in present achievement, in rate of progress, and—perhaps, most significant of all—in conception. Quite clearly, at the end of the war and probably even before the war the Soviet leadership came to a fundamental decision that the drive into space was to be a national goal with an unwavering top priority. This they have given it ever since, in spite of its huge cost in money, resources, and skilled manpower for an economy with a Gross National Product about a third of ours.

The Kremlin is entirely correct in realizing you cannot have an on-again-off-again space program. The lead-

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time is too long, plans must be made too far ahead, the projects and the hardware are too complex, and—most important—the trained, integrated team is a product of many years, irrecoverably wrecked by erratic cutbacks.

But is Space all that important? Comparing it as people do, to rebuilding cities, conquering poverty, fighting the Vietnam war, saving the dollars, cutting taxes? Yes, strange as it seems to most of us, space is very, very important, quite possibly more important than any other single national endeavor. Space is the ultimate frontier. Our advance in the science and technology of the electronic-nuclear-computer era, upon which our economy and our relative place as a nation depend, is integrally correlated with our advance into space. The imagination of the world is overwhelmed by the spatial spectaculars—as Zond 5 once more proves, almost blotting out the rape of Czechoslovakia. And, finally, shifting the old geopolitical maxim into a new dimension: Who controls space controls that which is less than space, including the world.

The Return of Mr. X

"Many of us would be helped in our thinking about the problems of Soviet American relations if we could free ourselves from the abnormal sensitivities and reflexes to which the extreme tensions of earlier decades have led, and teach ourselves to think about Russia as simply another great world power with its own interests and concerns, often necessarily in conflict with our own, but not tragically so." —George Kennan, February 1967.

"I have never understood this talk about détente. I have not seen any evidence of détente and I wouldn't trust any so-called détente if it is not supported by free contacts between governments and peoples." —George Kennan, September 1968.

And back in February 1967, Mr. Kennan, who was doing all he could to promote the U.S.-USSR consular treaty and expanded East-West trade, was wont to say things like, "I just don't know what 'Communist' means today, precisely for the reason that there are so many varieties of it." Today, for some reason, he's more inclined to think we can't, after all, cooperate with the Communists (the Russian variety anyway) because an atmosphere of cooperation doesn't exist. And the reason it doesn't exist is not that *we* haven't provided it, but that *they* haven't: "Their conspiratorial method of diplomatic action cannot create such an atmosphere," he says, just as if he'd been saying it right along.

What has intervened between the statements of Kennan I and Kennan II to bring about such an interesting change of opinion? Well, Czechoslovakia for one thing. In 1938 Mr. Kennan was in Prague, and witnessed the Nazi takeover. For him, the takeover of 1968 is an exact repetition of "the hideousness and the futility of the effort by one people to dominate another one, and to ride roughshod over its national feelings." In the circumstances that Czechoslovakia '68 has produced, the proper course for the U.S. is aggressiveness—we should send troops into West Germany and then tell the Russians: "We will not take them out until you leave Czechoslovakia."

Furthermore, the President should not think of conferring with Russian leaders: "What respect would the Russians pay to the word of a lame-duck President? What has Mr. Johnson to offer them? It is a bad policy to go and plead with people when you have no cards in your hands, no carrot and no stick. The suggestion of such a meeting at this time smacks of one of the worst phenomena of American diplomacy in earlier years, namely: the abuse of external relations of our people as a whole for the domestic political advantage of a single faction or party. The idea of the President's going to Russia at this time strikes me as pure madness."

Mr. Kennan gave these views last week to the Associated Press. He "relaxed and spoke freely" in his office at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, where he now teaches. Eighteen months ago, he was an honored guest of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, where his "moderate" views on U.S.-USSR relations froze the cold warriors (in the minority on that Committee) in the lists. Many years before, in 1947, Kennan had shaped U.S. policy toward Russia with an article in *Foreign Affairs,* signed "Mr. X." "It is clear," Mr. X had written, "that the main element of any U.S. policy toward the Soviet Union must be that of a long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies." Last week, it was as if Mr. X had returned.

No School Today

The New York City public school fight is not all black and white. There are other issues — centralized bureaucratic control *v.* decentralized community control; union monopoly power *v.* local right-to-work; and not least of all there is the issue of an illegal strike, which for the second time in two years Albert Shanker, boss of the United Federation of Teachers local, has called against the city's schools. This year, Shanker's strike has forced them to remain shut since September 9. The basic issue in the fight, however, is entirely black and white, nascent black power in the ghettos *v.* the institutionalized structure of public school education which is intransigently white.

There is no doubt that the black power folk who are administering, or attempting to administer, control over their own neighborhood schools have introduced the element of racism which has exacerbated the entire struggle. Basically they want their own schools, want to zone them, staff them and run them by and for their own people. Many of the neighborhood people are Puerto Rican, but many more of them are Negroes whose children have suffered severely from the undermotivation

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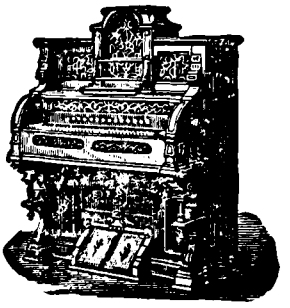
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Tell me, tell me, little car,
Where on earth the people are?
Why does no confetti fly
From the buildings in the sky?
Tell me, tell me, little car,
Why I'm so unpopular?

W.H. von Dreele



Bicycle Built For Two

Daley! Daley! Give me a breather, do.
Gene's half crazy. Kennedy's jumping, too.
You're gonna upset the carriage
If you insist on marriage;
Please be discreet as I retreat,
And I'll scribble an I.O.U.

Somebody Else Is Taking My Place

Somebody else is taking my place;
Somebody else, who's wild about Mace.
While I keep trying,
He's qualifying...
He goes around giving Nixon a chase!
Little I thought when Lyndon withdrew
Someone in sheets would split me from you.
My tummy's aching;
My Party's quaking,
'Cause somebody fell on his face.

Little Brown Jug

Way back when I was on my own,
The Liberals approved my tone.
They would pass and I would run...
I tell you, we had lots of fun!
Ha! ha! ha! Did you see
How we warred on poverty?
Ha! ha! ha! Didn't we
Have a lovely spending spree!

My Wild Irish Rose

My wife takes Compoz
When threatened by my prose.
Though I research with care,
All the tots seem to stare
And the old geezers doze...
The crowd holds its nose
When I belt out my prose:
Have I made a mistake?
Could it be I should take
A broom to my wild, styleless prose?

Sweet Adeline

I can't untwine
From Lyndon's vine.
(When we're apart,
He's on the line!)
In all my dreams
Big Daddy beams;
What a hell-uv-a sweethear-r-r-t!
Ye gods, he's mine.

I Don't Want To Play In Your Yard

They don't let me play in their yard;
They won't let me in the door.
When I telephone O'Dwyer,
He just yaps about the war.
Mississippi is Off Limits;
I get boo'd in Baltimore!
Since I blabbed about withdrawal,
Even Lyndon's getting sore.

Hubert Humphrey Sings OLD-TIME FAVORITES

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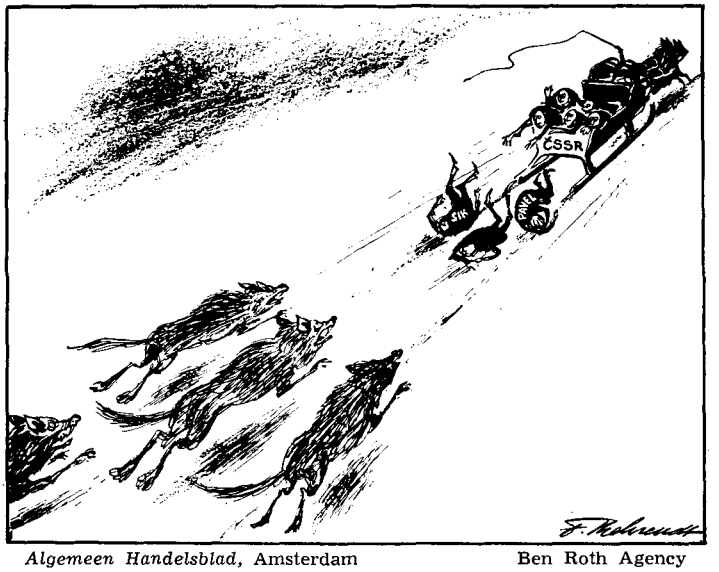
that afflicts those who know they are being taught, handled, led by "outsiders." It was to this central evil of the ghetto that the City Council addressed itself when it agreed to back a Ford Foundation-financed plan to start decentralization going in the city schools. Three "demonstration" school districts were selected, and two of those three districts, by opting for an autonomy which is not less than total, have brought on the present crisis.

The fight has been brutal. The epithets tossed about the steps of school houses have not only been anti-white but antisemitic, a bald recognition of the fact that most of the white teachers and UFT officials — most of the outsiders — are Jewish. This is the underside of the controversy; the insult is not only racial but political, a rebuke to the politics of integration, and a rebuke as well to the professionalism of professional educators. The teachers of UFT do not want to surrender "quality" education to people like Sonny Carson of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district. Carson runs CORE and the Black Panthers and is one of the best epithet-tossers on the school steps. The position of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board is that Carson reflects community opinion, with which City Hall will have to contend if it forces UFT control upon the district's schools. And there it stands: deadlock.

As to City Hall, what it has chosen to do is, in the context of a municipal crisis, farcical. It has offered Shanker "massive police protection" for a renewed assault on Ocean Hill-Brownsville. That is to say, it has offered to put force behind a strike which is illegal to begin with, but so far has the situation degenerated that this aspect of it has been altogether lost. Shanker, of course, would prefer to walk in unaided — the spectacle of armed force smacks too much of Little Rock in reverse. And even police protection could not free Shanker's teachers of community harassment and non-cooperation.

The obvious way out of the immediate crisis is to have Shanker's union bargain separately with the Ocean Hill-Brownsville board, but this Shanker is unwilling to do; his contract is with the central Board of Education and gives him control of the entire school system. With Shanker's cohorts screaming "union-busting!" on one side and the black power advocates screaming "police brutality!" and "Prague!" on the other, the city's liberals are in a nice fix. It would be amusing to watch them squirm, but in the meantime, children of the ghettos, and all the children of the city, have no place to go.



Algemeen Handelsblad, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

For the wolves. . . .

139X

At Berkeley, where It all began, some liberated students and faculty members decided they needed a nice course in racism this fall. So they set up a fanciful catalog title ("Social Analysis 139X: Dehumanization and Regeneration in the American Social Order"), assigned it five units of credit, and invited Eldridge Cleaver, the Goebbels of the Black Panther Party, to give ten guest lectures. Governor Reagan objected; so did the Board of Regents, who cut Cleaver's schedule down to one date. Whereupon the students rebelled of course, and now the whole thing is the biggest campus issue since Free Speech.

The key to the situation is Cleaver himself. The extent to which he, and through him the Black Panthers, have managed to ingratiate themselves with the white student left may decide the future of revolutionary agitation in America. Until last spring, the alliance between black power and the New Left was shakily nominal, but then along came Cleaver, a reconstructed Black Muslim who knew how to build on the foundations bequeathed by Malcolm X. "Now," Cleaver says in his autobiography, *Soul on Ice*, "when I see the whites of *their* eyes, instead of saying 'devil' or 'beast' I say 'imperialist' or 'colonialist' and everyone seems to be happier." Cleaver knows that no revolution, even if it enlists all of America's 22 million blacks, can hope to succeed against 180 million whites. The whites must be recruited as well — "the young whites," specifically, who "know that the colored people of the world, Afro-Americans included, do not seek revenge for their suffering. They seek the same things the white rebel wants: an end to war and exploitation." And what white rebel could resist this crowning touch: "*There is in America today a generation of white youth that is truly worthy of a black man's respect, and this is a rare event in the foul annals of American history.*"

On April 6 Cleaver, with a fourteen-year prison record (rape; assault with intent to murder), engaged in a celebrated shoot-out with Oakland police while out on parole. He went on to triumph as the Presidential candidate of the predominantly white Peace and Freedom Party. Yes, Cleaver is In, Panthers are In, Stokely Carmichael is a Panther (with the dissolution of SNCC, "pig" replaces "honky" as universal epithet; honkies are *all* whites, whereas pigs are whites in positions of power

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— see?) right there behind Cleaver, marching into a new era of interracial solidarity. No wonder the kids at Berkeley are excited about 139X. And the Regents.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Labor's True Candidate

There is the immediate finger and wrath of God in George Meany's alarmed discovery that members of the AFL-CIO are lurching toward George Wallace.

George Wallace is closer to the modern and even the historic philosophy of American labor than either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Humphrey. To obscure this resemblance, George Meany will simply have to lie to his membership and to himself, no new thing for a labor leader, but always painful for anyone as honorable as Meany.

The affinity between George Wallace and Meany is, in no way, one of character. Meany is a splendid man of the old-fashioned Bronx sort, which means that the three faiths to which he clings are, in no special order, God, country and the right of every man to be paid while rendering very little service to either. He is tired in the traces and certainly made peevish by them; it could be argued that he ought to retire, but he has the very good excuse that any successor drayhorse in sight would be considerably worse at the pull.

George Wallace, on the other hand, is the only leader of a bad cause whom I have never even for a fleeting moment liked. Marshall Frady and Tim Lee have done extraordinary jobs of work in making him bearable to read about. He remains, however, unendurable in the flesh. I remember covering a murder trial in Haynesville a few years ago; we were staying in Montgomery, and the governor of Alabama used to lie in wait outside the Jefferson Davis and spring on anyone who might be a visiting reporter.

At one point, fairly deafened by the wheels of self-congratulation clacking in his head, I tore myself from his clutch, pointed out that I was assigned to something else, thank heaven, and thus not required to talk to him and departed the lamppost where he was working his trade.

Still, Mr. Wallace is the candidate the AFL-CIO deserves. There is every difference in private nature between him and George Meany, but none visible in what they stand for.

There are even echoes in their rhetoric. Wallace is famous for saying: "And if any demonstrator ever lays down in front of my car, it'll be the last one he ever lays down in front of. . . ." But, when he came to defend Mayor Daley, George Meany told the machinists' union, "I know what you'd do with that dirty-necked, dirty-mouthed group." It can be argued that Wallace says these things coldly and George Meany says them only when he loses his temper but, since Meany can barely contemplate the American scene without losing his temper these days, the difference in practice is very small.

It is unfair to review the AFL-CIO's history as a major obstacle to the progress of the Negro in this country, because that history is improving, even if against its will. This record is, I think, owing less to bigotry than to fear of competition. American labor, blither Walter Reuther how he will, has functioned less often on the principle of embracing than of excluding. Its aim is the job of monopoly, enforced not by competition but by dictate. The idea of competence on the job is almost an affront to that principle, being secondary to the union card and the senior right.

The AFL-CIO has lived happily in a society which, more lavishly than any in history, has managed the care and feeding of incompetent white people. Who represents that ideal better than George Wallace?

Meany's members are what his tolerance, as well as ours, has contributed to making them. Only four years ago, members of his own union were picketing to keep Negroes from working in this town as plumbers. This posture differed from George Wallace's stand against admitting Negroes to the University of Alabama only in being more effective.

So Meany defended his members when they tried to keep Negroes out of their local; and now he is mad at them for backing George Wallace. That indicates a curious notion of what constitutes a sin against society.

MURRAY KEMPTON

(*New York Post*, Sept. 18)

Notes & Asides

■ Linus Pauling had until September 16 to appeal to the United States Supreme Court to reverse the decision (unanimous) of the New York State Court of Appeals exonerating NATIONAL REVIEW of the charge of having libeled Linus Pauling when, in 1962, we referred to him as a megaphone for Soviet policies, and as one of the country's leading fellow travelers. The day came and went, without a petition from Dr. Pauling's lawyer, Louis Nizer: so that the case is over, NATIONAL REVIEW won it, the judgment and probity of the writer of the original editorial, Mr. James Burnham, are by negative inference validated. The strain, in time and money, was enormous. It was shared by all of us and many of you. We are grateful to those who stuck by us in the fight to assert our right to see things as they are and publish tenable conclusions about them. The editors and publisher take this opportunity to register their admiring gratitude to Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, counsel for NATIONAL REVIEW, for his brilliant handling of the case; and our deep thanks, also, to his diligent and talented

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assistants, Mr. Robert Makla and Miss Helene Schwartz, all of the firm Baker Nelson Williams and Mitchell.

■ And four communications . . .

■ I share Mr. Buckley's distress, expressed in his recent column, that a Reverend Sister in Michigan finds him to be an occasion of sin. I share his delight that he found a Vassar student who still attends Mass, and that she was "most beautiful and lively" ("Would you rather be beautiful or pure, my dear?" "I'd rather be beautiful and repent.") And I share his dismay at the lunacies which presently afflict all Christian peoples. But somehow or other Mr. Buckley's problems are traced back to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose remarks are "er, dumb."

By the demythologized bones of St. Philomena, it is good to have Mr. Buckley aboard. After almost ten years of gooey ecumenism (what with elders fawning over prelates, monsignori praising Baptists, Anglicans and Methodists rediscovering John Wesley) here is a voice to call us back.

True, the Church of England is not crowded these days. Few English attend its services (about the same percentage, I believe, who go to Mass in Italy). This does not mean that Archbishop Ramsey is uninterested in "heresy at home," nor is he unfamiliar with the claims of the Roman See. He sees, as he has seen clearly for years, that the slide into secularism can be best slowed by the assertion of those things which are common to all Christians. When you are trying to effect a family reunion, it is best to get all concerned indoors before you argue about who is to sign the checkbook.

Mr. Buckley parades for us an article by Auberon Waugh. At the time Mr. Waugh's article appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 27, 1966] I thought it one of the most tasteless pieces ever committed to paper, and it is a shame that it has been disinterred. Mr. Waugh's problem is that, being the son of a convert, he is denied the joy of being one himself. He reminds one of the *giovanni* who followed John Henry Newman to Rome, and made life miserable for the old man with their cries of "Old Mother Damnable."

What Mr. Waugh does not see is that if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to run the kind of Church which Mr. Waugh would approve, one of the first events would be the removal of the ears of Auberon Waugh. Between Waugh eared and Waugh earless I, as a good Anglican, have no choice. I merely point to the obvious.

Still and all I bear no grudges, and I hereby, in an ecumenical spirit, invite Mr. Buckley to preach to my congregation on the Sunday closest to Guy Fawkes Day, 1968. If he can't be there, perhaps I can get the nun from Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

(The Rev.) SHELDON SMITH
Rector, Washington Memorial Chapel
Valley Forge, Pa.

■ I enjoy your program "Firing Line" very much. However, I would like to make one small suggestion which the following illustration will help make clear.

When I settle down in my swivel rocker to watch you program my poodle, whose name is Shu Shu, crawl under the ottoman and my wire-haired terrier, Moses starts snoozing away on the side of the rocker. Suddenly, at your quarter hour break, someone rings a chime which sounds identical to my front door chimes. In the dogs' zeal to get to the front door, over goes the ottoman when Shu Shu leaps outs, and in Moses' dash anything that gets in his way is knocked over. When they get to the door nothing happens, no one is there so they come back slightly puzzled and once again settle down—Shu Shu under the ottoman, which I have picked up and put in place again, and Moses at my side. By that time it is the next quarter hour segment. Ding-dong! We go through the same thing again.

Once more I replace the ottoman and we all settle down, though by this time I have missed part of the program. Then—ding-dong! This time the dogs are sure they are not hearing things. Again, over goes the ottoman, down goes the lamp (I couldn't catch it in time) and bark!, bark!, bark!, all the way to the front door. They come back and look at me as though I have lost my marbles because I won't answer the door. So I have to get up and open it to prove that no one is out there.

I'm afraid Moses and Shu Shu are going to have a nervous breakdown. So my suggestion is to get some other kind of signal for the quarter hour break. A buzzer, say. Please do not get a whistle because, you see, I have a parrot who responds to whistles.

NESSIE C. PAUL

■ A rumor is starting to circulate that NATIONAL REVIEW was helped financially by Dorothy Schiff of the *New York Post*. Where this rumor started I do not know—why it started no one has to tell me.

Mr. Buckley, I would appreciate your answer in writing so that I may try to stop this rumor.

Mrs. ANNE WALKER

(In fact, Mrs. Schiff has not helped NATIONAL REVIEW *financially, but the idea is first-rate, and the suggestion will be made.—Ed.)*

■ There used to be a marvelous outfit loosely headquartered on the city desk of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch,* known as the Gonfalon Society. It had one reason only for existence: Whenever a member would spot the word "gonfalon" in print, he was under solemn obligation to advise the president, "Have sighted gonfalon. Confirmation follows."

In the same spirit, I report upon a second sighting of "ultraliberal." Proof of the phenomenon is enclosed.

"The New Party, a coalition of ultraliberal political dissenters, did little new at its first national meeting. . . ."
—The *Washington Evening Star,* Sept. 23, p. D-14

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

—WFB

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE RIGHT TO RIOT

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

Two weeks ago I commented: "The approved doctrine concerning riots leads in application toward acceptance of a *right to riot*." A "right" is in practice a mode of action that a society condones and if necessary protects. When police and troops stand by while rioters loot and burn, as in many cities after the death of Martin Luther King; when ministers and publicists praise civil disobedience; when the mayor of New York allows his City Hall to be surrounded and cut off for hours by rioting demonstrators; when such things become commonplace, a right to riot is plainly coming into social existence.

The right to riot is given a theoretical foundation by liberal doctrines that legitimize rioting and other forms of militant civil disobedience. Individual conscience justifies rioting; police brutality provokes rioting; social alienation gets expression in rioting; rioting is the natural outcome of frustrations produced by white racism and poverty.

Police and Poverty

It would take a series of books to analyze the confusions and contradictions present in discussions of riots and civil disobedience. Let me here make a few introductory distinctions.

1) There is a persistent confusion of the historical order and the political order. Commissions and professors tell us that such-and-such—poverty, discrimination, alienation—is the "cause" of riots, and conclude that the way to stop the riots is to remove said cause. But poverty or what-not can be considered a cause of riots only in the very general sense of being a condition more favorable than its opposite to the occurrence of rioting. However, a general "condition" doesn't produce riots any more than richer soil of itself produces plants. (There were very few riots in the 700 years of Spartan history, though there was no lack of poverty and super-discrimination.) The specific efficient cause of riots is rioters.

2) It is desirable (though unfortunately impossible) to get rid of poverty, discrimination, alienation and so on. But it is the political function of the state, meanwhile, to preserve order in spite of the continuing presence of poverty, discrimination and alienation; to protect life and property, to assure safe use of the public thoroughfares, etc.

Look at it from the point of view of the police, an arm of the state. Confronted with a riot or threat of riot, the cops just don't have time to end poverty and discrimination. If their pleading fails, they simply have to wade in with their clubs or equivalent dissuaders. The only alternative is that they (and the state as represented by them) should stand aside, let the riot proceed, and thereby fail to fulfill the protective function. But to the extent it fails to fulfill its function, the state ceases to exist. The state can absorb a reasonable amount of rioting, perhaps even benefit from it, but in the end it *cannot* grant a general right to riot: that would be a contradiction of the state's own nature. In practice, what inevitably happens, if the state fails to stop pervasive rioting, is the appearance of counter-rioting. Whatever their occasional talk, men will not endure anarchy. That is what the Wallace movement obscurely announces. Four years from now, if the rioting deepens and spreads, there will be not merely a third party candidate but organized counterrevolutionary militants ready to take to the streets against the revolutionary militants.

3) The moral argument, like the historical analysis, is irrelevant to the political issue. It is true that if I am morally convinced that the actions of the state are intolerably wrong, then I am morally justified in rioting or otherwise breaking the law. (St. Thomas himself admits that even "an erring conscience binds.") But the state still has the function and duty of maintaining that same law; and therefore, unless overthrown by the conscientious lawbreakers, of putting them in the clink or otherwise defusing them.

Limits of Free Speech

4) When rioting becomes endemic and in considerable part revolutionary, as it seems to have done in many countries in this period, it cannot be effectively handled under such an extension of the ideas of free speech, press, assembly and petition and of "protection of the rights of defendants," as has come to prevail in this nation—an extension much beyond the limits set in any other nation. More and more the rioting is being deliberately utilized by revolutionaries, diverse in variety but all dedicated to the destruction of the existing order of society. (The fact that the revolutionaries are divided is of no consequence. Prior to 1917 there were dozens of divided revolutionary sects in Russia.) Most of these revolutionaries are not hiding their aims. If agitation, preparation and organization for violence continue to be regarded as legitimate freedoms, we shall continue to have violence, in mounting quantity. To keep rioting at endurable levels, there will have to be sterner, quicker counter-action, including—when serious disorder is known to be planned—timely preventive therapy.

5) Rioters cause rioting, and the primary factor enabling them to do so on a large scale is a collapse of the morale of the governing elite. This collapse is unmistakably expressed in the current doctrine and rhetoric of riots. It is not the rioters but the rioted-against who are guilty; not the mobs but the police who are brutal; not the screaming disrupters but the lawful magistrates who thwart the will of the people. If the rioters are in truth the wave of the future, why should we object to riots? □

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INFANTILE DISORDER

A professor who has seen black power at work on campus warns that it is 'a contemporary evil. It must be seen as such, labeled as such, combatted as such. What is going on, on campus and off, is degrading'

Black Power and the Campus

DAVID BRUDNOY

THE ACCELERATION in recent months of the conflict between "student power" and administrative response has been accompanied by the phenomenon of "black power" on campuses and elsewhere across the nation. Since the death of Martin Luther King in early April, three interrelated trends have emerged clearly: the first is the growing tie-in between "student power" and "black power"; the second is the obduracy of antagonism within that movement; and the third is the growing disinclination of the adults in the academic and nonacademic (including the political) communities to deal intelligently with the problems at hand. Cases in point have occurred at universities everywhere in America, most notably recently at Columbia University. If we look at the Columbia situation as part of the problem manifested also at Northwestern University in Illinois, and in Boston at Boston University and Northeastern University, the three trends are more easily seen in a clear light. Columbia is surely the most poignant case, but those at the other schools are similarly revealing.

Students rightly feel alienated from their elders; they always have and no doubt always will. The growth of the multiversity has long alarmed conscientious adults and youths, and those of us in academic life who see the university more and more becoming a huge business replete with impersonality, while fatuously mouthing a love of an "academic freedom" which is most honored in the breach, have long been dismayed. It is only natural then that the students will, once made aware of this situation (by their own observations, by their campus leaders, by some of their professors, and also of course by the mass media) become aggressive in their activities to make their schools conform more to their own vision of what a university should be. Simultaneously, Negro students have in force far exceeding their number grown sufficiently agitated by the situations in which they find themselves that their response has been to push vigorously for a redress of their grievances, real and imagined. At Columbia University, the Students for a Democratic Society-Black Power tie-in virtually paralyzed one of America's greatest institutions of higher learning, demanding a most overwhelming change in the way everything affecting the school is henceforth to be handled.

Segregation Now!

At Northwestern University, the Negro student agitators recently called for segregated dormitory housing for those Negro students desiring it, adding this backward and bigoted "demand" to the others to which we have almost grown accustomed these days. At Northeastern University, some Negro students recently made thirteen "demands," including some which are reasonable—more aid to Negro students needing it, a greater effort to find Negro students, better orientation programs for the Negro entrants, etc.—and some which, if granted (as they all have been), can only be considered academically disastrous and philosophically unsound—most importantly, the promise of hiring Negro faculty members to teach "black" subjects.

The response in every one of these situations has been appalling. In university after university, the almost Pavlovian reaction has been instant acquiescence to student demands in a fashion so hurried as to cast doubt on the wisdom of the administrators and teachers doing the acquiescing. The arbitrators at fractured Columbia seem intent on minimizing the savagery of the student actions, and they have, in due course, effectively overruled the noble reluctance of President Kirk to forgive and forget. It is not the Junior League Saul Alinsky, Mark Rudd, who is bounced, but President Grayson Kirk who "resigns" since, says the *New York Times* (Aug. 24), he "had become the symbol of the administrative traditions which have come under attack. . . ." *Quod erat demonstrandum.* At Northwestern, the idiocy of the student Negro segregationists' "demands" has *not* been met by firm faculty and administrative recalcitrance. At Boston University, the president had barely heard the last syllable of the shrieked demands before he capitulated to all but one of them, that the Theology School be renamed after Martin Luther King, which will no doubt be granted as soon as the frightened trustees can be herded together to give their approval. The thirteen demands of Northeastern's Negro students were made May 3 and granted within days.

The gestation period of these "demands" has been brief, and now the administration finds itself hoist on its own petard as it alternatively affirms and denies that the separate "black" orientation period set for September is/is not separate but equal; is/is not open to all races; is/is not in conflict with Freshman Orientation Week activities, etc. A few of the Negro students who made the demands have told me that they asked far more than they had expected to get, and now the administration obviously is caught in the dilemma: it can either back away from

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its own hasty actions or plod along making itself more of a laughingstock each day. It seems to have opted for the second choice, and this silliness seems destined to go on all year.

It is perhaps assuming too much to suppose that there is any philosophic premise on which these college administrators have based their actions. It seems to me that the gut reaction has been: "We're frightened of what you might do and so we'll do whatever you want." The harvest that will be reaped this fall will soon be apparent to all, but in the first excited months ahead the precipitousness of it may not be visible. As they fall all over each other in a rush to prevent trouble, college administrators (and guilty faculty members who couldn't spot an illogicality if they ran into one) are saying yes to things which, if proposed by less power-mad (and powerful) student groups, would rightly be derided as absurd.

Is it reasonable to suppose that civilization has so broken down that "demands" (which would correctly be seen in other situations as solidified rudeness on the part of students) should be met without a reasonable lapse of time, so that the "demands" may be pondered calmly? Can any university which promises to hire people of a certain race to teach subjects somehow identified with that race *really* be trusted to administer education in the time-honored traditions of the Liberal Arts?

Let us look at this last situation a bit more. Every university offers a variety of courses in, say, various areas of history and foreign languages. Decent university administrators have long sought the most competent faculty members to teach the subjects in which they are best prepared. Colonial historians may or may not be descended from colonial ancestors; Asian historians may or may not be Chinese or Japanese or Indian; teachers of French history, or French literature, may or may not be French, and so on. What possible justification can there be for searching for Negro historians and language teachers *specifically* to teach Negro and African history, Swahili or Xhosa? Does this mean that Negroes are "naturally" best suited to these subjects, and a Negro specialist in Balkan history or German literature is a contradiction in terms and hence not to be hired? Even at Yale, a symposium in May to consider the possibility of creating an Afro-American Studies major toyed with the idea of limiting participation to "black" faculty and students. Fortunately, that idea, at Yale, was rejected, but its serious consideration is alarming. Any effort to identify certain subjects with certain racial and ethnic groups is so fundamentally racist and so patently absurd that the mind positively reels upon hearing that administrators, as at Northeastern, have accepted the idea.

The Morning After

A university which has so lost its direction as to act in such manner is a university seriously in trouble. And that is exactly the case at many universities in this country today. Their administrators will wake up one morning to find that one of the fundamental assumptions of education, which is that those who come to learn are less able at that stage in their lives to direct their universities than are those hired to teach and administer, has been toppled. At *that* point will it *finally* dawn on these people that their spinelessness today has snapped the backs of the universities of tomorrow? If the universities are defeated, whither society?

Might someone suggest to these same administrators that they are felling with one blow the years-long efforts of scholars to rid American university education of the once firmly grounded and inane doctrine of Anglo-Saxon superiority? Where will these universities be then, when there will have triumphed the doctrine that he who screams loudest wins most, when there will have triumphed the idea that Negro people "should" teach "black" subjects, (and its inevitable concomitant, that white people "should" teach "white" subjects), and when there will have triumphed the thesis that if one group of students wishes the university to legitimize segregated dormitory housing the university will arrange it for them? The answer is that the university will have lost a good part of its claim to being the repository of the wisdom of the human race and the most integrity-guided institution in society.

As so much of recent societal and university decay is encapsuled in the idea of "black power," that movement should be revealed for what it is: a puerile adventurism, or to use Lenin's felicitous phrase, an infantile disorder. As if some fog had descended over the minds of Americans, especially liberal Americans, the whole abysmal movement continues its disastrous acceleration while the educated observers on the Left smile benignly, apparently unable to see. The campuses are simply one theater in the general conflict.

There are three positive and worthwhile elements in Black Power. First, it is intelligent for people to use the power of the vote to elect officials who reflect their views, for Negroes to elect other Negroes who will help their own people, or whites who will do the same, in preference to whites and Negroes who are, in effect, enemies. Secondly, it is only just that people should strive to maximize the range of their economic options, working to get the best possible jobs for themselves and the most agreeable working conditions feasible under the circumstances of today and the likely conditions of tomorrow. Attendant on political and economic black power then, efforts will be made to bring as many Negroes as possible to the polls, to train Negroes for good jobs, and to attempt to start and succeed in businesses owned and operated partly or wholly by Negroes, as well as to gain employment in greater number in big business. All of this is in keeping with the tested principles of power realization by other American ethnic groups. The currently much reviled Booker T. Washington (reviled by the radicals, not by those who give the matter some dispassionate thought) urged economic black power long ago, and successions of Negro politicians in the twentieth century, from Chicago's Oscar DePriest to Mississippi's Charles Evers to Massachusetts' Edward

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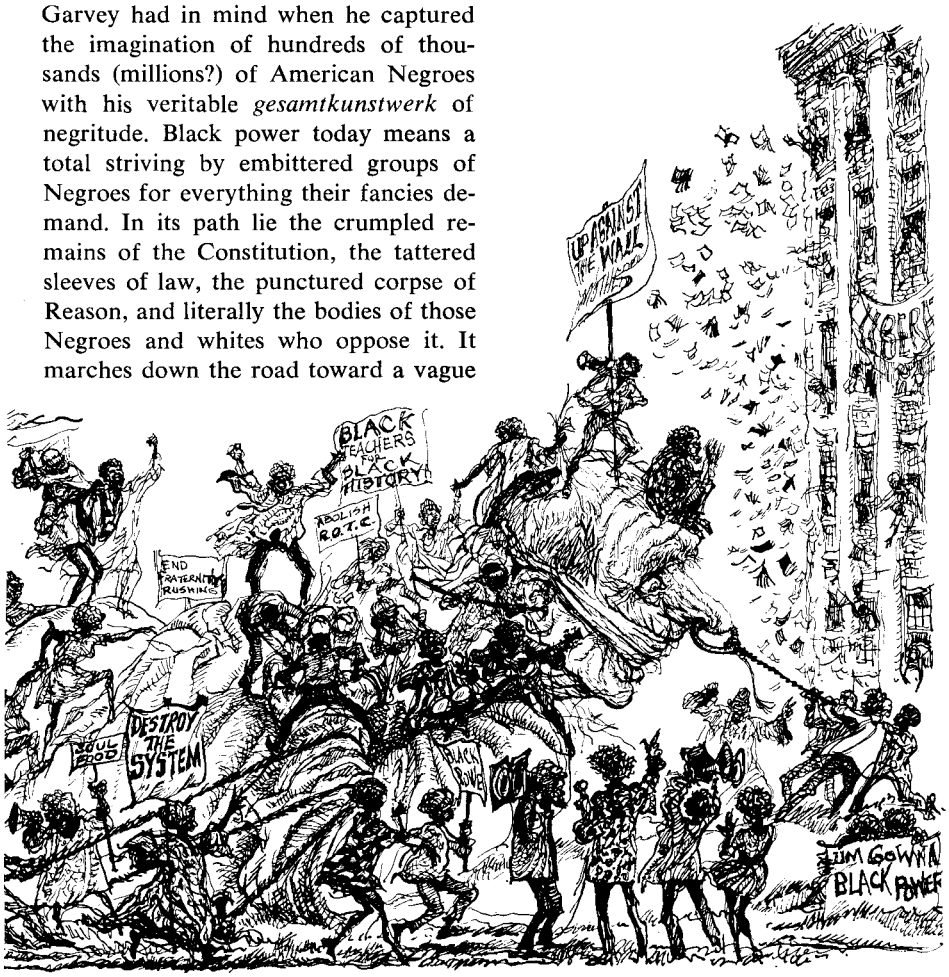
Brooke, have shown the proper course for political black power.

Third, black power can signify the development by Negroes of respect for their own cultural roots and their own present modes of expression, dress—their "style" in effect. If Afro hairstyles assist in this process, they are serviceable as viable expressions of "blackness" and as symbols of black power. It follows that other more or less specific manifestations of negritude fit into this third category of meaningfulness in black power. One of the lights of the Harlem Renaissance, Claude McKay, long ago said: "Getting back to the roots is not savagery; it is culture." With some qualifications, this is quite true.

If black power meant only these three arenas of activity—and they are surely the most important fields of endeavor for any minority group—the concerned American would be niggardly to find fault with it. But, alas, black power means much, much more. It has come to be an all-encompassing thing, far transcending what Richard Wright had in mind years ago when he coined the term, far more even than Marcus Garvey had in mind when he captured the imagination of hundreds of thousands (millions?) of American Negroes with his veritable *gesamtkunstwerk* of negritude. Black power today means a total striving by embittered groups of Negroes for everything their fancies demand. In its path lie the crumpled remains of the Constitution, the tattered sleeves of law, the punctured corpse of Reason, and literally the bodies of those Negroes and whites who oppose it. It marches down the road toward a vague and utterly incoherent blend of anarchism and socialism, gathering nuts, charlatans, and dupes into its separate but unequal cadres.



Chock Full o' Nuts

THE "NUTS" are those extremist white leftists, such as the SDS children and those who came to the Chicago National Conference of New Politics, who have lost the ability to say "no" to any action of the black powerites and who have forgotten how to say "yes" to any action of any Establishment group. The day after the March 28 riot in Memphis, the prelude to Martin Luther King's fatal visit, I noted that the flag on the main building of Northeastern University was flying at half-mast. An SDSer informed me that the flag had been lowered by some of his group to honor the "martyred" Negro youth in Memphis. That the boy was a rioter and a looter was of no concern. He died in a good cause, I was told. Can one imagine a similar flag-lowering, by the SDS, in memoriam for American soldiers killed in Vietnam, or a young policeman killed in tomorrow's riot in whatever city is next on the agenda? That opposition to the war—which can be formed on conservative grounds, but isn't, by these people—is one of the planks in the black power "platform" is undeniable. Whatever the black power boys want, is good, crack the nuts of the extreme Left.

The "charlatans" are those who preach nonviolence but carry on activities which inevitably, again and again, have led, and will in the future lead, to violence, destruction, and death. Martin Luther King was not a fool, and so one can hardly assert that he simply didn't know any better. He knew, and yet he continued. That millions of American Negroes wish to demonstrate their grievances in nonviolent ways is probably a safe assumption. But wherever the nonviolent ones go, the black power fanatics are close behind and then soon far ahead, stealing, beating, killing. That Resurrection City did not blossom into a center of extreme violence was most likely less a matter of Ralph Abernathy's restraint than of luck. Most of us can see George Wallace, for example, for the racist pseudo-conservative that he is, and his protestations of "peaceful resistance" to "federal encroachments," etc., fall on cynical ears. But how many can bring themselves to see Ralph Abernathy and other "moderates" in the same light, as men who sweep chaos along with them wherever they go?

The "dupes," unfortunately, sit in Congress and in other legislative assemblies, write editorials for the major journals and newspapers of the Left, and run for President. Except for Richard Nixon, who saw through the Kerner report, what other contender for the Presidency was able to see (or at least *say* he saw) either that report or the main thrust of black power itself in a clear light? Needless to say, Kerner, Brooke, Wilkins, Lindsay, and the others who prepared the travesty and foisted it on the public, are in the category of first-class dupes. Their company is large, and it contains multitudes.

From all directions except from the extreme Right (and its aberrations are another series of stories) comes the support of black power. Dire warnings emanate daily from the press—it is almost impossible to keep down one's breakfast these days reading them—about the consequences of failing to heed the warnings. The President and Mr. Humphrey are split into so many

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parts as they talk out of so many sides of their mouths about "law and order" and the "great society" and "equality for all" and so on. And all of this, wittingly and unwittingly, plays directly into the hands of the black power leaders. The more groveling the posture of the liberal, the more he is kicked by the Rap Browns and Stokely Carmichaels, and in turn the more groveling becomes the posture of the liberal. Those who protest are few. It is almost impossible to read anything on the subject which can be believed. Martin Duberman's article in the Winter 1968 *Partisan Review* evinces one or two doubts about the direction black power is taking, but the doubts are too sparing to be effective.

Collective Atonement

What do the black power boys want? First, they want an acknowledgment by America that this country *is* the most racist nation in the world. To accompany that falsehood they demand that all of the living of 1968 atone for the collective racial guilt of the ages—an uncharacteristically Biblical touch in their relentless assault. As Prof. Richard Pipes of Harvard wrote in a letter to the *New York Times* on April 11, in response to one of Ashley Montagu's usual half-brained charges, "If, indeed, all guilt were collective, then all retribution would have to be collective as well, and once this principle were accepted, the natural consequence would be mutual collective extermination." Next, they want an acknowledgment by all that white society is wholly bankrupt (Susan Sontag put it nicely when she called the white race the "cancer of history") and only in "black" society is any salvation to be found. Harking back almost to Norman Mailer's unintentionally comic *The White Negro* (1957) in their assertion that only the Negro soul is pure and only the Negro ways are fruitful, the black powerites assert a neo-primitivism which they label something like "real civilization"—though they haven't quite brought themselves yet to use that exact phrase; they will in time.

Third, black power wants a complete overhaul of the democratic American system of government and society—that system, incidentally, which has benefited more whites and more Negroes than any other—and its replacement first by anarchy and then by complete socialism, led, no doubt, by a dictatorship of the "black masses." Fourth, black powerites assert a goal of developing a new "black" man, one, presumably, who feels his manhood because he carries a gun and acts as savagely to others as white bigots have acted to his ancestors throughout slavery and as his white neighbors frequently act toward him and his even today. Black power equates "Negro self-confidence" with Negro brutality. Finally, black power stands in favor of institutionalizing hate along racial lines, forming a coalition of all the world's colored peoples for the final showdown.

Black power, having veered as far from Reason and due process as it has by now, is a fantasy, a child's nightmare in an endless night of pain. It flies in the face of the gradual (but real) progress that has been made in race relations; it spits in the eyes of the benefits (limited, but better than in any other system) of American capitalism; it thumbs its nose at the laws which more and more serve to protect all Americans, including Negroes; it flaunts its answer "Hell, no!" to those whites and Negroes who ask of it that it give up its delusions and work within the system. Black power seeks its allies and finds them everywhere, in those groups, among others, of white middle-class students who demonstrate for "student power" and eagerly let that (also dubiously reasoned) movement be subverted to the goals of black power. Thus, Columbia University.

Black power is a puerile adventurism which is so hopelessly irrational that those who doubt its worth are frequently reduced to collapse and passive acquiescence. It demands, at Howard University, a black curriculum, and at other schools a little less bankrupt in leadership than Howard, like Northeastern, it seeks a black approach to problems of tuition in courses of all sorts and sits with a wary eye out for the inevitable racism that instructors are expected to manifest in their courses. Black power prays for a Vietcong victory, despite the fact that thousands of young American Negroes are in mortal danger daily from that very enemy. But no matter; adventurism is served by that posture, and hence that posture is maintained. Whatever the standards of behavior against which black power crusades, be they positive (self-reliance, working one's way up in the world, respect for other people's opinions, rights, and property, etc.) or indefensible (the all-too-present continuing governmental discrimination, contemporary welfarism, double standards, sexual hypocrisy, etc.), the black power movement makes scant distinction and simply lashes out in unrestrained fury. Dick Gregory sets timetables for the limited duration of contemporary civilization, and others give us no time at all. Jackie Robinson and Ralph Abernathy, *inter alia,* suffer apoplexy at the news of the Republican ticket and rev up their engines for a juggernaut assault on Nixon, once a champion as far as Robinson was concerned, and on Agnew, a notable progressive on racial matters except for once having had the audacity to chastise some Negro leaders for failing to lead: Nixon-Agnew=Racist-Racist.

Comes the Backlash

Black power is an infantile disorder which does such violence to the rational faculty of mankind that it can lead inevitably only to more brutal white power from backlashing whites and thus to more unreasoning black power, *et-cetera ad infinitum et ad absurdum.* As in a spiraling arms race, the Negroes and Caucasians rush off to the gun shops to buy their weapons, train their commandos in the mechanics of cheap bomb manufacture, threaten and bully, harass, riot, and destroy. Two things come of it: multiplying havoc, and multiplying capitulation. Black power is by no means entirely to blame. A similar case must be made for the infantilism of white power (as practiced by the revived Klan and similar groups). An analysis in depth should be made, going far beyond the remarks here, of the contribution to today's racial mess played by leftist socialistic maneuverings. But, one problem at a time. Black power as it has developed today is clearly a contemporary evil. It must be seen as such, labeled as such, and combatted as such. Anything less will probe only the outer consequences of this movement and will leave virtually intact the corrupt premises on which the disastrous conclusions rest. What is done today will bear bitter fruit tomorrow; what is being done today, by students and administrators and teachers, by people beside the Reflecting Pool, by Presidential aspirants on the campaign trail, by newspapers in their flurry of *mea-culpa*ism, is degrading. □

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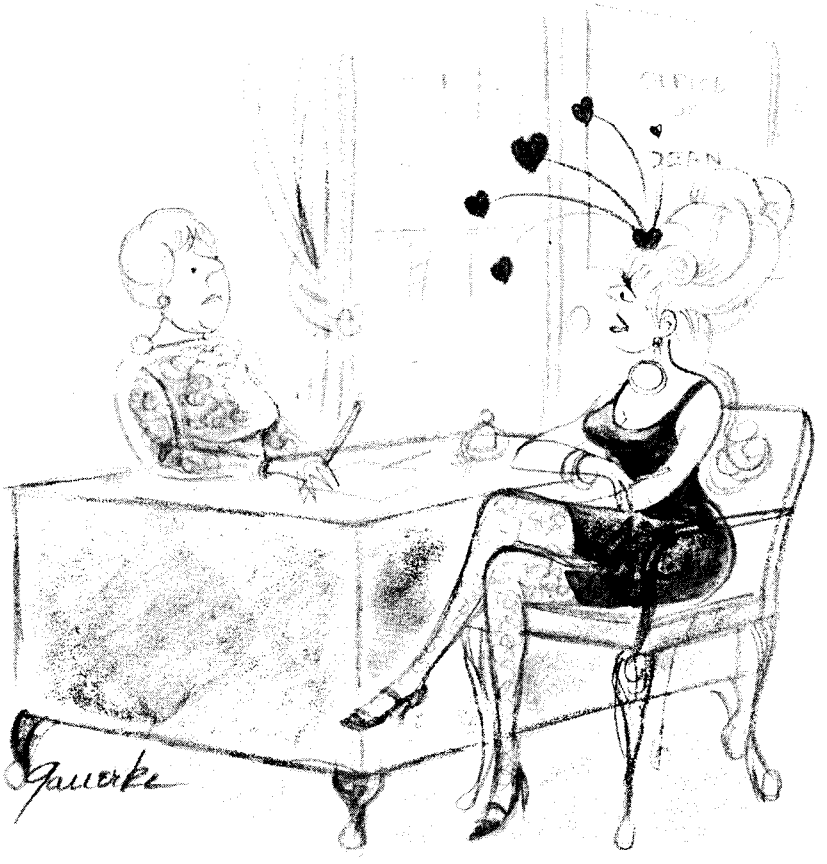
"Back in 1942, I'll bet your parents thought you looked pretty kooky, too, Dad."

"I wonder what Ayn Rand would think of your brand of Objectivism."



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CANDIDATES '68

The New Aesthetics of Politics

JEFFREY HART

In the past, the Democrats and the Republicans have expressed contrasting emphases in American politics. It is a commonplace of the political science text that the Democrats have stressed "interest" politics, putting together various groups and blocs and giving to each enough by way of rewards to keep it loyal to the ticket. The Republicans, on the other hand, have leaned to the rhetoric of WASP idealism. They have tended to appeal to principles rather than interests—and this is true whether one thinks of Hoover, or Taft, or Landon, or Eisenhower, or Goldwater, or Stassen. They have not been mere "politicians"—they have been moralizers.

But I think that these traditional styles are in the process of giving way to something new, and, if more interesting, also more ambiguous and dangerous—to a politics of aesthetic enjoyment and spectatorial pleasure.

In his *Reflections,* Burke commented that among the aristocrats at Versailles vice had lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

This is an important moment in the history of consciousness. At least when he wrote that sentence, the aesthetic was displacing the moral in Burke's sensibility. *How* a thing was done, he felt, had an independent value. It modified the judgment of *what* was done. Burke was taking an explicitly aesthetic view of personality; or, to put it another way, personality was displacing character.

Leisure to Discriminate

This aestheticization of the judgment is aristocratic in nature. It represents a shift of attention to form, to taste, to pleasure. The shift occurs because the aristocrat is free in a way the artisan or merchant cannot be. He has leisure. He has abundance. He therefore has choice —freedom. He can make fine discriminations of quality which transcend the practical and the utilitarian. The tone, the nuance, the *je ne sais quoi*—these move into the foreground.

Burke was writing about a very small group at Versailles. But I think that American affluence has begun to create a broad social group which has been freed from many of the mundane necessities of existence and is beginning to respond in a comparable way to the aesthetic component of experience. With enough leisure, with enough money, pleasure moves into the foreground; and one among the myriad forms of pleasure is the aesthetic.

To affluent Americans, with credit cards and sports cars and stereophonic record players and Rossignol skis, educated, able to identify, at least, the names of Joyce and Picasso, off on jet flights to Innsbruck or Acapulco or Minorca, it is not enough that a politician appeal to material interest—most of those have been satisfied—or that he enunciate the maxims of the old Protestant idealism: those seem abstract and boring and beside the point.

The politician must give pleasure, he must entertain. Why should he be exempt from the demand for pleasure that is increasingly made upon all the rest of experience?

The pleasure to be derived from the aesthetic contemplation of personality can be extremely complex, and, at its upper reaches, it makes stringent demands on the sensibility. It has little to do with virtue or merit or suitability. One principal form it takes is that of response to "interestingness"—and the category of the interesting, as Kierkegaard conceived of it, is one of the pricipal aesthetic categories.

Interestingness takes many forms: complexity, contradiction, ambiguity, surprisingness, humor, eloquence, elegance, mystery, etc.

Consider the politician who this year made the strongest appeal to those affluent, independent voters—Eugene McCarthy. His interestingness flowed, I think, from the way in which he was able to suggest, in a variety of ways, that a gap existed between himself and his role. Through humor, through diffidence, through all sorts of gestures, he suggested that *he* was more than his role, more than a "politician" or a "candidate." The role was in the foreground: He was, after all, running for President. Behind it, winking in various ways, dozing a bit, indulging in irony at his own expense, deliberately disappointing his audiences, was the man himself—*larger* than his role.

And of course from a social point of view, this "role distanciation" is *high.* The poor man, or the man of the middling sort, is *grim.* He needs that role, that job or position or identity. The man who is socially high doesn't need it; it is part of his manner to suggest that he *doesn't* need it, that if pressed he will dispense with it, toss it off. And these complexities of relation are interesting; the drama of self and role *is* a drama. It gives pleasure.

A Corot on Vietnam

I doubt that Vietnam played much of a part in McCarthy's appeal, which was really stylistic. Who knew what McCarthy's position actually was? He didn't bother to make it very clear. The war itself, after all, is tedious. He was a dove, of course. But it was an impressionist performance, sort of a Corot. Who really cared what his position was? His power was aesthetic.

It is very much to the point that his languid passes at the Negro problem were mostly ritualistic, pro forma, and that the Negroes themselves sensed his yawn. Oh yes, he was concerned about the Negroes, now that you mention it, but the stylistic gap was unbridgeable. His real constituency, as the polls show, was out there in exurbia. Even among Republicans! Interestingness transcends parties, transcends issues. The exurbanites are also concerned about Negroes, of course, but they aren't living out there in exurbia because they very much want to think about Negro problems all the time.

It is no accident that Bill Buckley made such heavy inroads among the independent voters, an achievement that owes little to his substantive positions. Among conservatives, only he and Ronald Reagan have this specifically modern appeal to any large degree, Reagan because he is such a charismatic speaker. When he ran for mayor, Buckley doubtless received a good many votes from people who later wore McCarthy buttons and stuck flowers on their second cars. Buckley gave a lot more pleasure to the sensibility than

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either Beame or Lindsay—both bores, though bores in different modes.

Poor Lindsay, I understand, has now hired a gag writer. Nothing can possibly help him with the genuinely discerning. As Charles II, an aesthete of personality if there ever was one, said of his nephew Prince George, "I have tried him drunk and I have tried him sober, and there's nothing in him."

Part, and in my judgment a large part, of the letdown in white exurbia over Humphrey's nomination comes from the fact that he just isn't interesting. He gives the impression that every last ounce of his energy goes into that role of Politician and Candidate. There seems to be nothing much outside the role. He therefore comes across as a "little man," straining himself to fill out the contours of that role, much as one struggles to blow up an air mattress at the beach. Puff, puff. If he took time out he would shrink and the role would be larger than he is. Like Shakespeare's Henry IV, he works too hard at it. He gives no sense of ease, of the aristocrat's *sprezzatura*. He doesn't *do* anything outside of the role. Not even golf. And he has no irony, no sex appeal, no elegance. He never surprises. There is no mystery about him. He talks too much.

He is, as the phrase now has it, a "drugstore liberal"—and the class overtones are important here. He may be a decent enough citizen, he probably is, but he is a square, a bore. Why doesn't he go away? Hube the Cube. The Democratic George Romney. Dump the Hump.

The Aesthetic Nixon . . .

For the real aficionado Richard Nixon is more interesting, and so gives a bit more pleasure, though it is scarcely of a very luxurious kind. Still, the interest is there. And it is very much to the point that Garry Wills, operating as a "new journalist," appealing explicitly to the aesthetic contemplation of personality, focused on Nixon's interestingness. You won't find out from Wills' *Esquire* article what Nixon stands for. He could be a socialist or a prohibitionist, for all it matters. You do hear that Nixon's appearance, especially his nose, contradicts his role, forcing him always to be turning away psychically from the public world he desires to move in. It may or may not be true—I don't know if it is—but at least it's interesting.

Nixon himself is enough tuned in to the new sensibility to practice a form of role distanciation. He separates himself from his role by partially exposing his own expertise—something that Tom Dewey, for example, would never have done. Nixon says, in effect, let us both step back and look at this role I am playing: *I* am larger and more interesting than the role. As indeed he is.

And sometimes the expertise is superb. He will "end the war and win the peace" in Vietnam. He is, of course, entirely in favor of the nuclear nonproliferation treaty—but he thinks that action on it ought to be postponed indefinitely until the Soviet intentions can be "reassessed." There may be valid substance in these positions, but as a performance the whole thing is superb, and Nixon knows it.

And his performance is enhanced, from time to time, by a touch of the entirely unexpected. Imagine coming out so pro-Israeli that you outrage the *New York Times*!

Still, the exhibition of expertise, though it can be interesting, is not the loftiest way to distance one's role. It is all, so to speak, on one level. It is too soon knowable, penetrated. There are no qualitative changes or quantum jumps. The ineffable McCarthy managed to suggest reaches of mystery (What in the world was he doing in a *monastery* at the height of the campaign?), and possibility (He writes good poems; he wears red suspenders), and freedom, and even a kind of nuttiness, that are all beyond the grasp of Nixon. To be sure, all these things have nothing to do with being a good President.

Oddly enough, the most interesting of the three candidates remaining on stage is George Wallace. As the campaign rolls along he will get more and more space in the press and on TV, the liberal media responding in spite of itself, pleasure and interestingness transcending ideology. He will of course get no votes among the affluent independent voters out in the suburbs because he is vulgar, and because ideology still obtains in extreme cases. But he will fascinate them, even if it is with the fascination of the abomination. If each of the three candidates were appearing simultaneously on a different TV channel, you yourself would probably watch Wallace. Like the forensic and violent Kurtz, he owns a corner, maybe more than a corner, of even the sophisticated liberal's psyche. He is Rameau's nephew. The Id.

For one thing, Wallace suggests freedom from the conventional taboos. The man *says* what he thinks. Wouldn't it be fun to do that? Even more impressive, he has actually *prospered* by saying what he thinks, by being abrasive and obnoxious. That reverses all of the conventional expectations. Also, when he gets angry he expresses violence (". . . and that would be the last time they'd ever lie down in front of a car"). What a liberation! When we get angry we repress our violence (*pace* Buckley). He is also quick and tough-minded, and —since surprise is an aspect of interestingness—there is pleasure to be found in the fact that he is always quicker and tougher than we expected him to be.

. . . *and Wallace.* Wallace?

He is also, on occasion, genuinely witty, and his wit itself contains elements of suspense and surprise. It is *not* the conventional lingo of the politicians. Consider the following bit of Earthy Baroque. As you listen, can you predict how it's going to end? Not at all.

> Now you take a big sack and you put LBJ in there, and you put Hubert Horatio Alger Humphrey in there, and you put Bobby Kennedy the bloodgiver in there, and you shake 'em all up. Then you put in this Richard Milhous Nixon who with Eisenhower put bayonets in the back of the people of Little Rock and in your backs, and you put in Earl Warren, who doesn't have enough legal brains in his head to try a chicken thief in my home county, and you shake 'em up.
>
> And then you put in that socialist Nelson Rockefeller from the most liberal state in the country, and that left-winger George Romney who was out in the street with the demonstrators, and that Clifford Case of New Jersey, and that Wild Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania, and that radical Jacob Javits of New York, and you shake 'em all up. Then you turn that sack over, and the first one that falls out, you pick him up by the nape of the neck and drop him right back in again, because there's not a dime's worth of difference in any of 'em, national Democrats or national Republicans.

Now that is quite good in its way. It builds. The imagery is original. There is suspense and rhetorical surprise. And as in all successful art there are fine little ornaments, unexpected dividends: "Wild Bill Scranton." Naturally I am not here considering the truth or falsity of this discourse. We all know that

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YESTERDAY AT BERKELEY

Crime on the Campus

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

GOVERNOR REAGAN does not love the Berkeley campus of the University of California. And he is not loved here. If the governor were heard to say that the sun usually shines in Berkeley, the academics would appear daily in raincoats and galoshes. But Governor Reagan, despite the recall movement, much of the impetus for which came from Berkeley, represents most of the people of this state. One of his jobs is to spend their money on the Berkeley campus, and there are signs that the citizens of California are becoming less and less willing to finance a rest home for hippies and a staging area for leftist commandos. The money is getting tight, and each new incident on campus drives the wedge between Berkeley and Sacramento deeper.

Largely for this reason, administrators at Berkeley have lately been growing increasingly concerned about whatever may be left of the "image" of the campus. This probably explains why the latest campus scandal had, until yesterday, been hushed up.

The Berkeley administrators are fighting a holding action, and although much of the trouble here springs from their past attempts to play the political game of appeasement, it is impossible not to feel some pity for them. Their days are spent in pacifying small groups of agitators while at the same time trying to keep the university's connection with disturbances in the community as quiet as possible. Most of them are reasonable men who bitterly regret that they have no time left over to work at improving education here, the task for which they have been trained. And there is no peace in sight for them. Yesterday they suffered an attack from an unlikely quarter over an unusual issue. The Berkeley administration appears to be about to undergo a great public-relations setback, one which may have strong repercussions across the state and in Sacramento.

It began with a leaflet. Yesterday, July 15, people were, as usual, handing out leaflets on the Berkeley campus. There is nothing startling about this at Berkeley. One has to be unusually agile and occasionally rude to make it all the way across campus without acquiring at least one handbill. From the Sather Gate entrance, along the Sproul Plaza mall, to the Doe Library, dozens of advocates of assorted causes distribute printed or mimeographed sheets which demand such things as the immediate freeing of Huey Newton, an end to the war, an end to the capitalist system, social justice for the Hell's Angels, or carrot juice in the cafeteria. But yesterday, a new and astonishing leaflet appeared. It demanded, of all things, law and order, and it was being handed out by a group which has traditionally supported militant causes.

Two Assaults per Day

The leaflet was written by members of the University of California local of the AFL-CIO Clerical, Technical, and Professional Employees Union. "In the past few weeks," it stated, "there have been at least eight rapes of women employees on campus, some of them at gun point." The buildings in which the rapes took place are listed, and the leaflet goes on to say that "on the average there are two armed assaults or robberies per day on campus." What educators like to call "the campus community" was stunned.

It has long been common knowledge at Berkeley that people are often assaulted on campus, but the community does not choose to discuss such things. Far better, it seems to believe, to interest oneself in abstract issues, preferably issues which involve events in far-off places or people with whom one does not have to associate in daily academic life. But this comfortable approach to life may now change. The administrators here are having a great deal of difficulty in dodging the questions of local reporters, to whom a good case or two of rape is even better than a Vietnam atrocity story.

This morning, with obvious reluctance, the University Public Relations Office issued a statement to the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Berkeley, the statement said, would add ten men to its campus police force. The other positive step, vaguely hinted at, seems to involve getting rid of those women employees most likely to be raped. The statement ends by blaming it all on what we refer to as "the urban crisis."

Whatever the causes, however, the one thing that everyone here at Berkeley has to admit today is that perhaps crime does after all exist. This is a monumental admission for Berkeleyites. For years, the academics have viewed crime in a way that would please the philosopher for whom the city is named. If you don't perceive it, it doesn't exist. Although both the city and the campus suffer from a high crime rate, the university has managed thus far to fail to perceive it. And, of course, those few who have perceived it have kept their perceptions to themselves, since concern with crime is equated with racism and fascism in all liberal communities. The approved approach, then, has been that you ignore the existence of anything called crime and, by so doing, eliminate the need for legal control.

But the approved approach may be doomed. The union has protested, the leaflets have been passed out, meetings have been called, and the nervous administration, with one apprehensive eye on the man in Sacramento who does not love them, has not only timidly admitted that crimes of violence do occur, but has even tentatively stated that they should be prevented. It would be startling to see a crusade for law and order mounted on the Berkeley campus. But perhaps crime on the campus is a more compelling issue than crime in the streets. □

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LETTER FROM NEWPORT

Heroes in the Seaweed

ANTHONY R. DOLAN

THEY CAME to Newport this summer. The last weekend in July usually brings them here.

I don't mean the ones who came because their hometown was dead and would tell you straight out that some of the music "stinks."

I mean the flower children. The ones whose army surplus look and long hair the town people obviously resented. These are the ones who came for deeper reasons and would be the last to admit that there was anything wrong with the music they heard. Indeed there was, for them, something religious about the Newport Folk Festival.

It could have been the music. It sometimes really does stink; but mostly it is beautiful and could provoke religious fervor. Then too it has given countless among the true-believers a glimpse of fortune.

For Flowerkids: A Phony Revelation

But more probably it was the flower children themselves. There was something almost Biblical about them as they sat in blanket clusters on the side of a hill next to the concert field. The guitars were played and the songs were shared and they appeared very much as they were: friendly, gentle, hungry for revelation.

And when the concerts began, the revelation came. It was nothing very spiritual.

Joan Baez had songs and stories about her days in jail for civil disobedience, Pete Seeger had a ballad about a "family gutted and spattered by napalm," Bernice Reagan belted out "Mr. Backlash," while the Pennywhistlers, although specializing in eastern European music, managed to dedicate a song to the "poor Vietnamese peasant defending against American aggression," and Reverend Kirkpatrick, the giant Negro minister from Resurrection City, sang his songs about white racist American society while Bruce Murdock, one of the "New Faces," contributed:

"America's been burdened
Big business is to blame
Democracy's in chains
The country needs a man
to redesign the land"—
(Ready?)
"McCarthy, you're the man."

And on it went, for five days. There were cheers and cries for more, and politics and more politics. It was real Salvation stuff, putting down the Establishment.

Arlo Guthrie was a kind of archetype. In case you haven't been grooving lately, Guthrie wrote the best-selling "Alice's Restaurant," which is all about the Draft Resistance (of course), and he is, as well, the son of the celebrated Woody Guthrie.

Arlo is not like the old man. He has no passionate songs about migrant workers and America the Beautiful. He sticks instead to what he calls "talking the blues" and that means he picks out a catchy chord progression on his guitar as he parodies the paradoxes in dry sarcastic tones.

Par exemple, his Newport performance. He started by satirizing the regulations posted on California beaches ("beach belongs to the people not the sign"), and slid neatly into "Alice's Restaurant." This brought a roar from his seventeen thousand listeners and Guthrie asked predictably, "Why are ya clappin' before the song is through? How do you know what song it is? The last time people clapped before the song was through they elected Lyndon Johnson President of the United States."

After Johnson, it's Santa Claus. Guthrie wants him arrested—he has a red suit, a beard, long hair, gives presents for free, breaks in your house at night, and who knows what he's smoking in that pipe.

Then, a few bars of "Why do police guys beat on peace guys," a Christmas carol dedicated to the FBI ("You have to be at least forty to be an agent—it taking at least 25 years to be that much of a bastard"), the comment "That's what's great about this country. There's no hypocrisy here, they'll get *anybody*." And Arlo was through. But there were the usual cheers, and cries for more so Arlo came back and went way over his time limit.

The reaction was pretty understandable though; as the program put it, "All of Arlo's songs show a warmth and an affirmative quality; they are less 'against' something, rather for life as it can and should be."

Arlo resembles his audience in more than just his political biases. Off stage, he is long-haired, loquacious, confused, and has a distant oftentimes hurt expression in his eyes. His enemies are the standard ones, "the" Administration, "the" Establishment. It is interesting, too, that philosophically he is opposed to "industrialization," "war," "police brutality," and "hangups." The draft and the FBI you take for granted.

'I'd of Stayed in Kentucky'

But despite the omnipresence of Arlo and his kind, the festival wasn't all politics. Here and there, you could find an ethnic interlude. Buell Kazee for instance. Kazee is a 68-year-old Baptist minister from Kentucky who was once widely known for his superb banjo-picking. He is this year's "rediscovery."

Reverend Kazee did his thing, and was well received. But after his performance he stayed around to hear some of the younger performers do their thing and apparently he didn't like it a bit. As a matter of fact, this year's rediscovery got pretty uncooperative. "These people told me before I came it wouldn't be like this," he told reporters. "I don't want anything to do with tearing down America. I don't know why these folks don't do the honest thing and admit that this is ideology and not just music. If I'd known it was goin' to be like this I'd of stayed in Kentucky."

Uncooperative Buell wasn't the only ethnic type. Indians being In this year, the folk festival had on hand, of course, an Indian folksinger. His name was Henry Crowdog and, you will be glad to know, he played the "drum, gourd, peyote rattle, flute, and eagle-bone whistle."

Henry was a big attraction. Even for iconoclastic Arlo. At the performers' party, Arlo couldn't stop telling crinkled-face Henry, "Jeez, I think this is pretty great, I mean you doin' your thing like

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this. I wish everybody could do their thing like you do it. I mean that's the way it ought to be." I don't think Henry quite understood Arlo; he kept giving him this blank stare. He must have thought Arlo a little odd.

Except, though, for an occasional peyote rattler and banjo-picker, your politics were pretty important at Newport. Take Phil Ochs. Once the virtuoso composer of protest ditties and a splash at Newport several years in a row, Ochs has not been asked back recently. (He came uninvited to the performers' party and kept telling people "they even wanted me to pay for my ticket.")

Ochs, it seems, has done the unpardonable. He has forsaken socio-political commentary for love songs and this has not endeared him to the hierarchy at Newport. Ochs, in turn, is mighty upset with them and on the back of his most recent album criticizes those

"who say you must protest you must protest
it is your diamond duty"

and he adds:

"ah but in such an ugly time the true protest is beauty"

What remains extraordinary about the folk festival is that most of those who came, despite the orthodoxy of high priests Seeger, Baez and Guthrie, agreed with Ochs.

These were not the hippies who later invaded Chicago. Indeed, here they were more than friendly towards the cops, even gave them a round of applause for their work during the festival. The politics of protest were part of the ritual of Newport but it was decidedly not the religion they were after.

No, one had only to look at them and listen to them to realize that, like Ochs, they were far more interested in discovering beauty and feeling groovy than in revolutionizing the world. Honesty, sincerity, right and wrong concerned them. One of them told me, "I don't know if it's immoral to cross against a walking light but man I wish there was a way of knowing." But other adjectives suggest themselves, sensitive, hurt, rootless, despairing, ignorant—appallingly, vulgarly ignorant. They were postulants, and a general and consistent iconoclasm is the baptismal water, ushering in . . . whatever it is they are looking for. "Heroes in the seaweed" went the lyric to someone's song.

Still it is inadequate. You had to see this bedraggled army to feel the proper sorrow and the proper pity.

On the last day of the festival another Indian performer, this time a young girl, recited the tragedy of her once-proud people as she was once told it by an old man in her tribe. "Tell the white man," he had said, "we are not so poor. We do not need his welfare. This is not the pain. The pain is that we were never allowed to give." And all the while the girl told the story, she sobbed nearly uncontrollably.

You well may understand the pilgrimage to Newport a little better if you know that few of those there were embarrassed for her. What was this, after all, but the story of a lonely unhappy people? What had happened except that a girl had cried?

The flower children could understand. □

Education Freak Out

Let's make a circle
Let's all wear names
Let's sing "folk" songs
Let's play games

Let's blow balloons
Let's be creative
(Making mud pies
's an "A" elective)

Let's fondle flowers
Let's all be bees
Let's relate to worms
On our hands and knees

Let's puff pot
And meditate
Let's get undressed
And masturbate

Let's get involved
With crud and dirt
Let's never wash
Let's never work

Then the Pop Prof
In beard and beads
Stretched out and slept
Among the weeds.

RICHARD O'CONNELL

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

INVASION BY PRISONERS

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

Russian leaders had been advocating a military occupation of Czechoslovakia in July. West German army intelligence had very exact information about preparations for a takeover during the Warsaw Pact maneuvers. The report in question speaks of several thousand "military police cars" ("Volga" type) with radio transmitters covering a sixty-mile radius. The new Czechoslovak Minister of the Interior actually dismissed a number of his secret service agents because they had not informed him of this enormous buildup. The maneuvers were partly a rehearsal for the takeover of Czechoslovakia, a coup already seriously considered at that time by the East Berlin-Moscow axis. The Hungarians, however, stalled . . . temporarily.

The history of the Aug. 21 attack is now becoming known in informed circles. A dissent in the Kremlin existed but it was less substantial than the outside world suspects. It was Walter Ulbricht the East German leader and the Ukrainian Communist Party chief Shelest, who begged the Kremlin to act; they feared infection. The military interventionists received full support from President Podgorny and General Secretary Brezhnev, but not from Prime Minister Kosygin or Michael Suslov, the ideological Czar. The aggressive majority was persuaded that once the Soviet Army was installed in Czechoslovakia, the masses would rally to their orthodox leaders and defy the "revisionists."

The armies moved with a swiftness that shocked NATO, but not with a sufficiently concrete political blueprint. Efforts to form a new government from what remained of the neo-Stalinists were an immediate failure. To run the country on the lines of a purely military administration seemed too hazardous from a propaganda point of view and the Kremlin saw its only way out in ordering the whole *de jure et de facto* government to Moscow and imposing on it a Diktat which, in essence, transforms Czechoslovakia into a Protectorate—exactly what the Nazis did in 1939. What moved Moscow to this extraordinary step? The Soviets had found themselves in a real dilemma and they chose what they thought was the lesser, but may well prove to be the greater, evil.

The hard fact they have to face is the mounting desire for personal freedom, strongest among those who have the largest stake in it: the intellectuals and artists who are of such extraordinary importance in Eastern Europe. The conviction that rigid Marxist economic concepts are very much due for reforms, that tyrannical arbitrariness must be eliminated and liberty increased, has taken hold of large sectors of the Communist parties outside the USSR and Soviet Germany. The break with Stalinism, these revisionists reason, is not enough. Marxism ought to be combined with some form of democratic self government and personal liberty. Moscow and East Berlin know very well that this squaring of the circle is impossible. Against the demand for more freedom the Soviets have no defense other than isolation, censorship, police supervision, forced indoctrination and military repression.

Czechoslovakia presented them with a multiple challenge. Had she, for instance, become another Yugoslavia or an even more liberal Communist nation (unlike "springtime" Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia does not tolerate multiple parties), the bad example would have infected the whole area, even the USSR proper. Ulbricht, the old Stalinist, started to howl: his German subjects swarmed to Czechoslovakia where—circumventing the iniquitous Wall—they met with their West German relatives and frequently fled to the Federal Republic for good. Sooner or later Ulbricht would have been forced to erect a wall along the southern borders of his domain. In other words, the dilemma faced by the Soviets was this: either to amputate Czechoslovakia, write her off altogether, or retain this dangerous seat of infection. In either case the disease would spread. But, to let the satellites see that it is possible to have one's way or to secede without terrible retribution would be suicidal for the Kremlin. That, obviously, was impossible.

So the Russians killed nearly 250 people, cowed the Czechoslovak government, reactivated the cold war, lost sympathies right and left and thoroughly unmasked themselves. Even in their choice of evils they have been exceedingly maladroit. They chose as collaborators for the occupation not only Hungarians and Poles (both of whom have territorial demands on Czechoslovakia) but also the East Germans whose uniforms are practically the same as those of the old *Wehrmacht* of unhappy memory for the Czechs.

Listening to young people discussing in Prague's "Hyde Park," *Na Prikope*, one realizes that the enthusiasm during the "thaw" for Svoboda, Dubcek and the others was not directed at their persons but at the cause they represented at the moment. Only Communists, so the people reasoned, would be able to wrest concessions from Moscow. The concessions obtained by these leaders were meager indeed—so meager that they amounted to a defeat. All they have been able to "save" was their jobs—for the time being! Still, the months of the "thaw" and the days of open resistance will constitute an indelible memory.

In other words: one is back to Novotny—without Novotny; and the liberal leadership is now supposed to do the dirty job and go down in ignominy.

How will things go now? The Czechs (unlike the Slovaks) are not given to frontal attacks, they prefer tough, slow resistance. Will there be—as it is hoped—some sort of unspoken connivance between the government and the gov-

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FRANK S. MEYER

RICHARD DALEY AND THE WILL TO GOVERN

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

In the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, Garry Wills gives an ingenuous account of the Chicago riots, in the course of which he maintains that the "kids" (as he, with continuing ingenuousness, denominates the *lumpen* student rioters) may succeed in making this country ungovernable. As Lenin knew, not even seasoned and powerfully organized revolutionaries can make a country ungovernable so long as the constituted authorities maintain the will to govern. Even less do the student rabble or the *lumpen* rioters of the slums, separately or conjointly, have the power effectively to challenge the social order, *if the natural guardians of that order have the will and the virility to defend it.*

This is the historical significance of the storm around Mayor Daley of Chicago. The blunt issue is that he refused to appease the forces of nihilism, whose aim was to terrorize the Democratic convention. He insisted on fulfilling his constitutional obligation as a magistrate in a republican society—the obligation to maintain conditions of order in which citizens can go about their private business and duly constituted assemblies can conduct their public business free of pressure from the violence of minority mobs.

It is for fulfilling this obligation that he is being castigated by large sections of the ruling establishment. Not satisfied with their own incitement of mob action and their own refusal to fulfill their obligation to maintain order, they inveigh against Mayor Daley because he has proven that the constituted authorities can act; because he has become a symbol, instantaneously recognized the country over, of the necessity and the possibility of maintaining order through constitutional authority; because he has refused to acquiesce in the new liberal-radical doctrine which James Burnham has designated the doctrine of the "right to riot."

The attack on Daley, of course, has not come to grips with this issue. When ultimate problems of power are concerned, the liberal mind inevitably shies away to some tangential inessentiality. "Police brutality" is the battle cry. As if violence could be subdued by anything but violence. As if violence were not the essence of mob attack upon constituted order. As if violence, whether of rioters or police, is not in its essence brutal.

Let us admit, before going further, and to clear the record, that there were in Chicago acts of individual brutality that went beyond the necessary violence of such a confrontation—the repeated clubbing, occasionally, of some already downed, attacks upon an occasional member of the press acting professionally, as distinguished from the many who used their status to aid the mob. But so were there individual acts of brutality, beyond the fancied needs of their "confrontation," on the other side. Surely boots to kick policemen's shins did not need, except for brutal intent, to be armed with razor blades, nor beer cans thrown in their faces, to be filled with urine. Fundamentally, to be sure, these excesses are not parallel. The very existence of the mob was a provocation; it was not in any sense a "peaceable assembly."

But, of course, the attacks on the police for brutality are not primarily based on individual excess; they are principled attacks upon the considered use of violence in defense of social order, in defense of constitutional representative government, against that mass action of the radicals which is the epitome of their doctrine of "participatory democracy."

It is a historical misfortune when the residual force, upon which every social order at the margin depends, has to be called into action to defend the wise and measured procedures of constitutional government against the violence of militant minorities. But the history of our era demonstrates that the rise to power of the most abominable of tyrants has been possible only when such "conventions in the streets" as we saw in Chicago are permitted by the feebleness of constituted authority to grow in strength and arrogance until they bring to power some "terrible simplifier," who destroys at one blow all freedom, all criticism, all civilization.

The Duty to Govern

It is hard to understand how anyone with an elementary knowledge of history and the slightest concern for the preservation of civilized life can fail to recognize the justice and necessity of Mayor Daley's course of action in Chicago. He exhibited that will to accept the responsibilities of government that has been so lamentably lacking in our governing establishment in recent years. If our constituted authorities cannot learn from his example to carry out their responsibilities—to repudiate the prevailing official policies that give license to looting, arson, and chaos in slum and university—then the alternatives are terrifying. Either the forces of revolution and nihilism will bring the republic down in a welter of disorder or—and much more likely—the people will rise in their wrath and bring into power those who can *restore* order, at whatever cost to constitutionality and freedom.

It is such an eventuality, not the legitimate defense of legitimate order, that would bring into being a police state. Mayor Daley has shown a will to govern which, if emulated, can preserve us both from revolutionary disorder and arbitrary rule. He has shown that the will to govern is not dead among our constituted authorities. Either his course will be followed or the future will be dark indeed. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

WINDY PLEASURES OF SHETLAND

FROM THE ACADEMY

Despite the rage for Shetland ponies, I am happy to report that few except Scots visit the Shetland Islands. The cruise steamers bring a horde of tourists into the capital of Lerwick for a few hours; but these visitors penetrate no farther into the treeless, wind-tormented, misty archipelago. That leaves the Shetlands to antiquarian walkers like your servant.

Shetland's inns are small and pleasantly old-fangled; there are few automobiles or buses, and no railroad, of course; no night-life exists, except for a single cinema. Also there is no crime, and everybody is friendly.

Of Scandinavian stock at least as much as Scottish, the Shetlanders subsist chiefly by fishing and shearing the fine wool of their little sheep. Many of them still are smallholders, the descendants of the medieval udallers. The Shetland farmstead preserves some continuity with the Viking farms of a thousand years ago: the last peculiar little Shetland mill, with its wooden machinery, ceased to grind only a few years ago, and one still encounters frequently those strange little towers at the end of the farm buildings—the corn-drying kilns, now disused but essential in this wet climate until a very few years ago.

One of Walter Scott's lesser romances, *The Pirate,* is set in Shetland. My friend Tom and I made our headquarters in the laird's house—now a hotel—beside Jarlshof, round which ancient site Sir Walter's novel is centered, away south in Dunrossness, in the shadow of Sumburgh Head, where the Roost of Sumburgh still takes its due of wrecks.

What Scott did not know when he accompanied the other sheriffs of Scotland to Dunrossness, the ruined medieval mansion of Jarlshof, then half buried in sand, stands upon the site of one of the two most interesting prehistoric settlements in Britain—perhaps in all Europe. (The other is Skara Brae, in Orkney.) More than two thousand years before Christ, this was a tidy community of primitive mussel-gatherers and fishermen; and their dwellings are now excavated for everyone to behold.

One culture after another rose and fell beside the wild sea at Jarlshof. There are considerable remains of a "broch," or refuge-tower, erected here when the Romans held Scotland as far north as central Perthshire—and raided these islands for slaves. The broch—the race of its builders quite unknown—fell into decay, and first outside it, and then within it, arose later wheel-house settlements. In the fullness of time, the Norsemen came, probably extirpating the mysterious people whom we call Picts; and those Vikings built their long-houses. Later, a medieval farmstead lay upon the earlier remains; and then an earl of Orkney—a very wicked earl—built the manor-house of Jarlshof; and that, too, decayed, and the sand covered it in its turn.

For those who savor the pleasure of ruins, Shetland is a lovely place. St. Ninian landed in Dunrossness, and baptized, and left a silver treasure in a cave—anyway, his disciples did—which was discovered only a few years ago. Earls and sea-rovers built their fortresses of the gray stone, though they are roofless now.

One of the loneliest and most charming places—though easily accessible by open boat from the main island—is the Isle of Mousa, where stands the most nearly perfect of the brochs. As your boat makes for Mousa, porpoises sport in the wake; and seals come out from the reefs and voes to greet you. Mousa has no inhabitants today but ponies (gentle as they are shaggy, and perfectly willing to be ridden by any stranger), sheep, and seabirds.

Overlooking the channel, and visible from Mainland, is the Broch of Mousa, in shape like a dice-box. It was converted into an impregnable fortress in medieval times, but the Ministry of Works has stripped it down to its original appearance. Like all brochs, it never was roofed, and offered no proper shelter except for its narrow galleries between the outer and inner walls of unmortared stones. Almost entirely preserved, this broch remains an historical and architectural mystery.

The most recent learned speculation concerning the brochs of Shetland, Orkney, the Hebrides, and the northern Scottish mainland runs thus: these towers were contrived by a race of aristocrats who fled from somewhere much farther south in Britain, as the Romans pushed northward. Acquiring ascendancy over the primitive folk of Thule, these ingenious fugitives built the brochs as places of security and watchtowers against slave-raiders who supplied Roman slave-markets. Yet what these broch-builders were called, and how long they endured here, no man ventures to guess.

An enthusiastic bird-watcher could spend all his years happily in Shetland. Upon the cliffs of Sumburgh Head, below the handsome lighthouse built by Robert Louis Stevenson's grandfather, the cormorants and puffings and shearwaters and gulls scream and feud eternally.

Had I no duties to perform, I might acquire some holm—a little island, that is—in the Shetlands, and there dwell in contemplation after the fashion of the Celtic saints. Many such islets could be bought cheaply: the sturdy house which was the secret headquarters of the Norwegian air force during the Second World War (infinitely difficult to reach by land, though a safe voyage in sheltered waters by fishing-boat) has been empty for years, and is for sale, with no takers.

Warmed by a Fair Isle sweater, and perhaps a drop of usquebaugh, in Shetland I'd give the world the lie. □

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Travesty of Justice

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Brief Against Death
By Edgar Smith
Knopf, $5.95

Bill Buckley, in his introduction to *Brief Against Death,* sarcastically mentions a Supreme Court that "seems more tortured by punishment than by crime." If I were a liberal answering, say, to the name of Murray Kempton, I'd latch on to that statement with a howl of ironical mirth, for Bill himself, writing about a friendship with a man who sits in the Trenton, New Jersey, Death House waiting to be executed on a murder charge, is—in this particular instance, at least—right up there on the bench with Mr. Justice Douglas in his capacity for torturing himself about the punishment of a man who had been led by rather commonplace police methods to say things which no legal counsel, if hired in time, would have permitted him to say. I'm not laughing, however, for Mr. Smith's informed protestations of innocence strike me right in the solar plexus of my own anti-Supreme Court feelings. Though I never wanted to impeach Earl Warren, I was among the first to condemn the Court for being over-fussy in its concerns for the rights of an accused man to consultations with a lawyer before a cop is allowed to do any grilling. But now that I've read this narrative of Mr. Smith's trial and eleven-year incarceration I'm afraid that I agree with Mr. Justice Douglas, too.

HARD CASES, they say, make bad law—but the case of Mr. Smith against the State of New Jersey (he thinks he was railroaded without proper protection from any source, and he damn well proves it) is not one of those hard cases. He could be guilty, or he could be innocent, but nobody saw him murder anybody, and the medical evidence was that the girl he was accused of attempting to rape before there was any murder died a virgin. Mr. Smith's story, which so impressed Bill Buckley, is quite astonishing. A prosecutor, a judge, a jury of twelve North Jersey citizens of presumably sane minds, and a bevy of local and wire service reporters, were all convinced that Mr. Smith was guilty as sin of having killed fifteen-year-old Vickie Zielinski of Ramsey, New Jersey, back in March of 1957 in a particularly brutish way. Yet to the unprejudiced reader, Mr. Smith's detailed narrative makes one believe that everyone connected with the conviction was the victim of hallucinations.

The charge was that Mr. Smith had picked Vickie up in his borrowed car, had gotten into an argument with her after attempting to molest her, and had beaten her brains out before disposing of her body on a windswept dirt mound in a sandpit. Mr. Smith admitted readily to giving the girl a lift on the night in question, but his story is that he turned her out when she tormented him with gossip about his own wife, leaving her with another person who claimed her as his girl friend.

Taking his accusers' own time sequences as the basis for his proof of innocence, Mr. Smith conclusively

Cockcrow

Eleven years in the Death House
walking, a cat caged, as he said 'a pussy cat'
zooed from the jungle of Jersey dropouts,
his only pedigree a fury an awed friend called
imperturbability—which he denies.
Certified a killer by his peers,
they juiced a chair, pretending his desire
had once so loined that he had bouldered into death
a jailbait girl discovered bent, unsweatered,
spilled brains mossing as lichen does
on morning stones
and, the papers said, her face gone from the skull.
But hers is not his death, not yet. He dies slowly
slowly attending college campuses
by correspondence; he dies writing
briefs against his death, self-learned
in the law that shackled him, and lawyering
preened counselors into corners dunced; he dies
naturally, he hopes, hopes even to die
in the daylight he has not inhaled
in more than a hundred months
alone. In that house of deadly currents there is life,
a looted clutch of years, and the tolling belfry
breaks all dark hours into shafts—
morning after morning, the same sound.

—EVAN JONES

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demonstrates that he couldn't have killed the girl and disposed of her body in the time allowed to him for it by the weight of every snatch of evidence presented in court. The prosecutor's claim, in essence, was that the accused man had within the space of five minutes held a conversation, attempted to make love, bickered verbally, and, after a struggle, picked up a baseball bat from the rear of the car, chased the girl more than the length of a football field, dragged her back for an even greater distance, killed her, and then pulled her body to the dirt mound. To accomplish such a feat would require an Olympic decathlon type of athleticism combined with a habit of rising to instant anger over rejection of a first tentative amorous advance. But Smitty, as he preferred to be called, had hardly been leading an athletic life before the murder (the bowling he did was accompanied by drinking), and everything connected with his character shows that if he had been a Don Juan (a supposition which he does not allow you to accept) he would have been a cool one. One girl more or less wouldn't have made any difference.

THE ANALYSIS of the time sequence was the clincher, for this reader at least. If Smitty was guilty of the murder, the prosecution did not come within several light years of proving it. How, then, could a judge, a jury, and practically all of the North Jersey newspapers have jumped to such patently unjustified conclusions? The answer would seem to lie in the statement which was wangled out of the greenhorn Smitty in one of those interminable sleep-denying marathons (thirty-four and three-quarter hours without even so much as a nap) that read like something out of the literature of Nazism. (This sort of thing could have happened in a backroom in Breslau.) Smitty was blandly informed that he would not need a lawyer (he tried to get one, but his messages were never delivered and his attempts to talk to his wife were blocked), and he was palpably tricked into saying things that could be made to seem like a confession when they were merely agonized attempts to get the detectives off his back. Whipped up by the stories that he had signed a confession (which he never did), the North Jersey communities, from which the jury was of course drawn, had little option but to take Edgar Smith as the intended victim. The jury was not insulated from the press reports, and the judge's charge to an already prejudiced group was as emotive as could possibly be imagined. The prosecutor's assumptions defied all the laws of physics and chemistry (leaving psychology quite out of it), and the man in whose company Smitty says he left Vickie before the murder was released after only the most routine sort of questioning. If ever there was a travesty of justice, the trial of Edgar Smith was it.

So we come back to the Supreme Court decisions which have ruled, in recent years, that post-indictment interrogations are constitutionally impermissible when legal counsel is absent. The law in the case is retroactive. Why, then, is Edgar Smith still in jail, and still dependent on the support of quixotic conservatives (strangely, no liberal jumped in to help Mr. Smith) to get his case properly appealed? (If Mr. Smith hadn't complained that he was deprived of the opportunity to read NATIONAL REVIEW in his prison cell, Bill Buckley would never have heard of him.) Nobody can give a rational answer to the question of the eleven-year ordeal, but if the Supreme Court lets Mr. Smith die it will be guilty of misconstruing everything it has said about the rights of the accused to silence and a lawyer when threatened with even a distant approach to the third degree.

AS MR. BUCKLEY has said, Edgar Smith was a slob when he went to prison. He had been a school drop-out, and, though a decent enough kid during his adolescence, he was a consummate time-waster. But prison, instead of dulling his vision, awakened him. With a naturally high IQ, he has managed to educate himself in the interminable prison hours. His book is obviously the product of a first-rate mind. What it has to tell about growing up in a dreary small-town atmosphere is worth more than you get in most sociological treatises, or in any contemporary novel. This is a born writer.

New Jersey bigwigs have been quoted as saying that they can't afford a Jersey Chessman case. But the Chessman comparison is not valid. If Mr. Smith dies, it will be because the law of the land, as defined by the Supreme Court, has been forgotten by the very justices who have, for better or worse, made it a part of the Constitution. □

Triumph and Turmoil: A Personal History of Our Times
By Edgar Ansel Mowrer
Weybright and Talley, $10

THE MAN WHO WAS THERE

GUY DAVENPORT

On a fine summer day in 1910 a great crowd of spectators gathered outside the city of Brescia in Italy to watch an air show. There were aeroplanes that looked like moths from the Amazon basin, like termites, and like a deck of cards in mid-shuffle. One fine dragonfly of a plane stood ready for a cocky, bald, monocled little man in a fur coat. His machine had been built to specifications by Bleriot himself; Bleriot had taught him to fly. He was, as the crowd well knew, Gabriele D'Annunzio, poet, playwright, novelist, greyhound fancier, and the lover of Eleonora Duse. Among the faces in the crowd one could discern under the wide brim of a fedora the fascinated eyes of Giacomo Puccini. And among the reporters recording the event was a shy young Jew from Prague who was writing the only newspaper dispatch of his career. He was Franz Kafka.

This antique scene, reporter and all, is now History; in 1910 it was News. Throughout his long life as a reporter Edgar Ansel Mowrer worked with the firm sense that his beat was History, and few men had his grasp of what it was all about while it was happening. Mowrer began his twenty-year on-the-spot coverage with the German invasion of Belgium in 1914. Characteristically, he managed heroically to be on both sides of the lines. He got his copy out on troop trains and filed it with officers who thought they might be able to pass it on to someone going to London. He was confused and discouraged until he heard that the *Chicago Daily News* was running his dispatches.

They were the best-informed and most up-to-date stories of the early dark days of the war. Mowrer followed the retreat at Caporetto, and stayed on in Italy to report the rise of fascism. He and Ernest Hemingway listened to D'Annunzio's wild speeches in Genoa. In Rome, Mowrer began his vast acquaintance among writers, artists, and diplomats. He moved on to Berlin,

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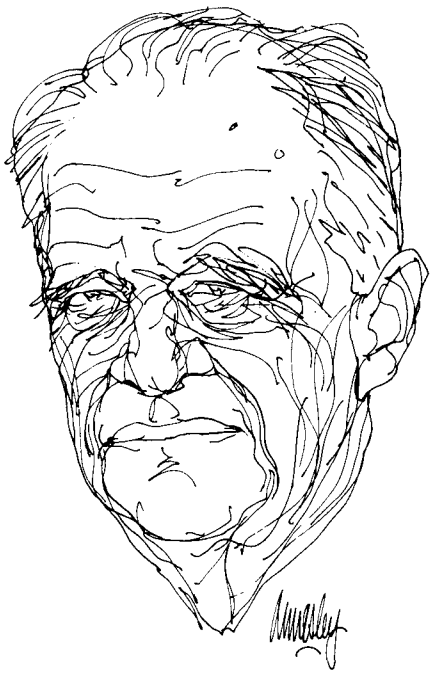
where fascism seemed to be taking on an even more sinister form than in Italy. He talked with Hitler (who looked over his head while talking); he knew Goebbels and Hanfstaengel. He wrote a book about the Nazis that no one believed (*Germany Puts the Clock Back*, 1932); except, of course, the Nazis, who expelled him from Germany. He then made himself unwelcome in Russia, and went to Paris to watch his prophecies turn into tragedy. Even as the war began, he saw that the war was more than it seemed. It was a war to crush fascism and it was another war: one between Communism and the world. He and Arthur Koestler escaped into Spain, six miles ahead of the Germans.

DURING THE LATTER PART of the war he was in Washington and made the mistake of going into the Office of War Information where his experienced eyes saw too clearly for his superior's comfort. His suspicion of Russia made him seem something of a crank. Daladier in 1939 had passed on to him a bit of information about a man whose name was the sound a snake makes ("Eece") and who held a responsible post in the American government. Mowrer dutifully passed the information on; nothing was done. He began to be alarmed at American policy in China. Everywhere he turned he was assured that the Chinese Communists were agrarian reformers and that Chiang would have to make room for them in a coalition government. Mowrer had been to China; he did not believe in the agrarian reformers any more than he believed the torturous logic of Mussolini or Hitler. In 1948 he wrote *The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy;* again he was not believed.

The thesis of Mowrer's richly detailed autobiography is that American idealism from Roosevelt forward has been a silly belief that socialist totalitarianism is just like democracy but slightly different. And that the world has suffered horribly from this calf-brained idiocy, and stands to suffer even more horribly until it sees the cruel rapacity of Communism for what it is. Toward the end of his book an anguished note of weariness begins to creep through every paragraph; Cassandra's lot can make one's bones ache after a while. Yet he allows himself no cynicism and no despair. Old age has its peace, and its hope. A man who has



seen two world wars at closest quarters is dismayed by Korea and Vietnam but not bewildered.

MR. MOWRER'S autobiography is not an autobiography in the usual sense. He tells us enough about himself and his family to keep us abreast of his personal fortunes from time to time; otherwise this must be the most reticent and modest of autobiographies. The stage is really occupied by other matters. The historian will probably find this book most valuable as a diplomatic history of our times. Mowrer knew many statesmen as close friends; de Gaulle and Churchill received him as a guest rather than as a reporter. He saw and talked with everyone worth knowing in Europe. His accounts of battles, retreats, bombings, and the agonies of refugees are tersely and dramatically remembered.

Mowrer had studied philosophy at the University of Chicago and at the Sorbonne before he became a reporter, and he kept a life-long interest in literature. His reporting was therefore always against a background of an historical knowledge of his subject. He saw the continuities of history. He had a special knack for looking to the future, so that his memoirs are not a hodge-podge of assignments to which an editor has sent him scurrying, but a logically developing story. He had an unfailing sense of where to be next.

There are, curiously, no heroes in this book. Politicians make dismal heroes, if at all; and this is essentially a history of European politics for half a century. The range of character among the politicians Mr. Mowrer watches so carefully was between fanaticism and ineptitude. Mr. Mowrer's spare admiration goes to those who, like de Gaulle, kept faith through the hardest hours. Only once was he himself caught up in the windy prognostications of politicians, and that was his brief and quickly disillusioned affair with the ADA and the rosier days of the UN.

Thereafter we find him sharpening an already formidable tongue and saying exactly what comes to his mind. He had survived to see a world where *peace* almost invariably means *war*, where *anticolonialism* is the name for the most insolent and grasping colonialism since Rome in her heyday, and where hypocrisy is practiced with an effrontery unknown before on this earth. In his latter years Mr. Mowrer has taken to circling the globe, looking in on the new world that is almost beyond belief, and shaking his head. □

The Sassoons
By Stanley Jackson
Dutton, $7.95

OUT OF THE EAST

SIR SHANE LESLIE

England has a queer way of generating her aristocracies. When Bohuns and Plantagenets gave out, she successfully recruited Coburgs, Astors or Sassoons. The Coburgs bred fresh royalty out of Battenbergs, while Sassoons and Astors produced the wealth of India and America between them to help keep England going financially. The Sassoons had changed Oriental clothes for smart London trousers soon after the Indian Mutiny. They have since flourished fantastically.

Under Queen Victoria's early dispensation, no Jew had reached the House of Lords till a Rothschild. By the time of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee fancy dress ball, given by the wicked Duchess of Devonshire, the Arthur Sassoons appeared at this memorable party. Arthur had the family wisdom to wear his old Oriental dress.

The Sassoons interested Edward VII

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Random Notes

■ BOOKS: Helen Lawrenson, who wrote That Article for *Esquire* back in 1936, has a book coming: *Latins Are Still Lousy Lovers*, essays on a number of subjects (Hawthorn, November, $5). . . . Over a hundred of his drawings are gathered in *Rube Goldberg* vs. *the Machine Age*, edited by Clark Kinnaird (Hastings House, October, $8.95). . . . The new Louis Auchincloss, *A World of Profit*, is about a very old family in these here turbulent Sixties (Houghton, December, $5.95). . . . James A. Pike has written *The Other Side: My Experiences with Psychic Phenomena* (Doubleday, November, $5.95). If God is dead could a medium get through to him? . . . *Posters of the First World War* is 250 of them, selected by artist Maurice Rickards (Walker, November, $12.50; $9.95 prepublication). . . . New series: *The Bluffer's Guides* will enable phonies to prate glibly of such things as art, finance, literature, music, the theater, wine (Cowles, 95 cents each).

The Sierra Club leaves Glen Canyon, the Galapagos and other remote places far behind in its next big beautiful picture book, *Central Park Country* ($25). . . . Comprehensive history: *The Great Terror: Stalin's Purge of the Thirties*, by Robert Conquest (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Newly translated into English is Louis-Ferdinand Celine's *Castle to Castle*, a rambling fictional thing based on his life with special emphasis on his postwar incarceration with Pétain and Laval (Delacorte, December). . . . Constantinos Doxiadis, sort of a super-Buckminster Fuller who flits in and out of the Sunday supplements, tells all in *Ekistics: An Introduction to the Science of Human Settlements* (Oxford, $35).

■ FILMS: Davis Grubb, whose *Night of the Hunter* became a magnificent film in the hands of James Agee, has written *Fool's Parade*, about three ex-cons in the Thirties; it won't be published until March (by World), but producer-director George Englund (*Shoes of the Fisherman*) has already bought screen rights for $300,000. . . . Composer Lalo Schifrin (*The Cincinnati Kid*) and lyricist Norman Gimbel ("The Girl from Ipanema") have bought, and will make into a musical, Kipling's *Captains Courageous*. . . . James Clavell, author of *Tai-Pan*, is also a director; his next project is *The Great Siege*, to be based on Ernle Bradford's book about the siege of Malta by the Turks in the sixteenth century. . . . Peter Yarrow, who sings with Paul and Mary, and photographer Barry Feinstein, Mary's husband, have put together *You Are What You Eat*, which is about hippies and which features Tiny Tim's screen debut, god bless 'em every one. . . . MGM will do a big fat film of *The Canterbury Tales*. . . . *Monte Carlo Rally* has Tony Curtis roaring around in old racing cars, watched by Susan Hampshire. Dino De Laurentiis is responsible.

when he had wearied out his manhood during Queen Victoria's ghastly Court. Edward's soul was set on winning the Derby Race. He won three, but Victor Sassoon won no less than four. There was a time when the King was happier guzzling at Brighton between attendant Sassoons, rather than at Windsor. A brilliant crowd of amusing Jews always surrounded him. He was more able to deal with Sir Ernest Cassel than with prime ministers like Balfour or Asquith, though they had their uses.

The English gentry remained puzzled and amused by their King's choice of friends. As long as his princesses and mistresses kept impeccable British stock, no one really minded. But at Brighton his historian Bodley once stood on the esplanade and cried aloud; "Hail, King of the Jews," while the King passed, which caused an amused disturbance. This is one of the few episodes unrecorded in Stanley Jackson's brilliant book.

The Sassoons fell in love with beauties of their own race, but, in spite of the closest watchfulness, married into Irish Fitzgeralds or English Cholmondeleys. Sybil Sassoon thus married a Marquess of Cholmondeley. How strangely quick Sassoons could react to their new country, to say nothing of a new continent. Reggie Sassoon had been killed riding in an English steeplechase, and officers of the Irish Guards subscribed to his Memorial Cup.

They became the advisers of kings and something more than English country gentlemen, to which they had aspired. With George V the dynasty of Sassoons withdrew entirely from their Court position. Nevertheless Sassoons had reached Eton and the Guards. Most remarkable was Siegfried, a veteran soldier of the First War, who was as well a British poet in the top rank. Sir Philip Sassoon in the same war figured as the unfailing secretary to Field Marshal Haig. The Sassoons had dredged some weird and unexpected powers out of the past and out of the East.

Sir Philip, beginning as a shy Eton boy without cricket or football prowess, must have seen and heard more of the First War than any one except Lloyd George. Field Marshal Joffre, who understood these things, went out of his way to give him the Legion of Honor. Was it possible that Sir Philip was secretly and often keeping the peace between the French Foreign Office and the British Commander? The War Office could not prevent Haig rewarding him further with the Order of Michael and George. Haig eventually gave his actual Order of the Day, "With our backs to the wall," to Philip Sassoon as a souvenir. □

Teachers' Guide to
American Negro History
By William Loren Katz
Quadrangle-Paperback, $2.25

A Glorious Age in Africa
By Daniel Chu and Elliott Skinner
Zenith Books, Doubleday, $1.45

Black History
Edited by Melvin Drimmer
Doubleday, $6.95

NEW MYTHOLOGY OF THE NEGRO PAST

NATHANIEL WEYL

In *An American Dilemma*, a book which might be called the *Das Kapital* of the civil rights movement, Gunnar Myrdal characterized the Negro history movement of his day as "propaganda," in which "mediocrities have been expanded into 'great men'; cultural achievements which are no better—and no worse—than any others are placed on a pinnacle; minor historical events

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are magnified into crises." William Loren Katz' *Teachers' Guide,* although sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League and touted by the *New York Times,* exemplifies all the failings which drew Myrdal's reproof in the 1940s. Replete with half-truths, lacking in objectivity or scholarship, it displays on almost every page the ignorance and incapacity for dispassionate judgment of its author.

LET ME GIVE a few examples of the way Mr. Katz, a secondary school teacher, writes history. a) He claims that Jan Matzeliger, a Negro workman, "developed a complicated machine that manufactured an entire shoe" and "revolutionized the industry." Katz was informed that no machine exists that makes entire shoes (an elementary fact that the author could have ascertained for himself by visiting a shoe factory) and that the Matzeliger lasting machine mechanized one operation, and did not revolutionize the shoe industry. Katz replied that he would omit his claim that the Matzeliger device made entire shoes and would merely state that it "performs so many operations . . . that it revolutionized the industry." Comment superfluous.

b) Katz tells us that in 1941 Dr. Charles Drew developed "the blood bank system." Comment: the first blood bank was established by Cook County Hospital in 1937. c) According to Katz, in 1848 Lewis Temple invented "the toggle-harpoon that has been called the most important single invention in the whaling industry." Comment: neither the toggle-harpoon nor Lewis Temple is mentioned in the index of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* (13th edition and 1961 edition) or in three books on whaling which were consulted. Ivan Sanderson's authoritative volume of whaling devotes four pages to the invention of the modern harpoon gun by the Norwegian, Sven Foyn, in 1863. d) Madame C. J. Walker became a millionaire "by perfecting beauty preparations for Negro women." Comment: she discovered a way of straightening hair. e) Norbert Rillieux "invented a vacuum pan which revolutionized the sugar industry of the world." Comment: revolutionizing aside, the Rillieux multiple-effect evaporator was an important and bona fide invention.

Throughout this little volume, Mr. Katz flaunts his prejudices. The Negro representatives in Congress from the South during Reconstruction are characterized without qualification as "earnest, hard-working legislators who pursued the best interests of their states and constituents." Not only does this conflict with James Ford Rhodes' conclusion that they "left no mark on the legislation of their time," but it presumes that Mr. Katz is the judge of the "best interests" of the Reconstruction South. Katz tells us that the Negro slaves were ready "to forget and forgive," whereas the white South reacted to the post-bellum order with "fear and hatred." C. Vann Woodward refers to Southern attitudes of *"noblesse oblige"* and to a white-Negro relationship which was "the result of two peoples having lived together intimately for a long time and learned to like and trust one another. . . ." Perhaps the most revealing of Mr. Katz' observations is his recommendation of a work by John Hope Franklin: "This insight into the Southern character is carefully documented with the words of Southern fanatics."

Katz recommends the work of Herbert Aptheker in terms of unqualified enthusiasm in nine separate places without once revealing that Aptheker is a leading Communist Party spokesman on the Negro question. He hails the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* (characterized by the Negro former head of the U. S. Information Service, Carl Rowan, as an "ex-convict, ex-dope peddler who became a racial fanatic") as "the exciting story of the Negro leader who became the symbol of Black Nationalism."

Mr. Katz' shoddy misrepresentation of American Negro history calls to mind the Nazi attempt to prove the outstanding creativity of Aryans and the recent Soviet treasure hunt for mythical Russian inventors of anything and everything. Instead of encouraging students to think for themselves, weigh the evidence and form their own conclusions, Katz presents "specific teaching goals"—namely, indoctrination in such matters as the justice of the demands of Negro pressure groups and the correctness of the Aptheker thesis that "Negroes never willingly accepted slavery or second-class citizenship but battled in valiant and practical ways to achieve the promise of America." What is shocking is not that this book should be published and puffed by powerful political and racial pressure groups, but that its inflated claims should be accepted without adequate investigation by responsible Americans.

A GLORIOUS AGE IN AFRICA by Daniel Chu and Elliott Skinner (the latter a Professor of Anthropology at Columbia) is somewhat better. This is an exaggerated and at times a silly account of "three great African empires"—Ghana, Mali and Songhay. We are told that their cities had "some of the most famous and highly-respected universities in all of the Moslem world" (yet Hitti in his chapters on Islamic education and culture never mentions them) and that the "university" at Jenne had "thousands of teachers, who lectured and conducted research on many subjects, including medicine." (The presumed source for the "thousands of

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teachers" is the seventeenth-century Jenne resident, Abderrahman es-Sadi, who reported merely that the city had "a certain number of learned and pious men. . . ." The "universities" were in all probability merely mosques.) Doubleday Zenith Books, which publishes this paperback, asserts in its advertisements that "during Europe's 'Dark Ages,' three great African empires provided the main advance of human knowledge[!]"

These assertions are almost totally false. The three kingdoms were centralized states of the sub-Saharan savannah, which owed their power to their domination of more primitive Negro tribes with iron weapons, and their wealth to control of rich mines which supplied a large part of Europe's gold bullion. The ruling classes of these kingdoms had been converted to Islam and therefore spoke and read Arabic. They were in contact with Moslem cultural centers via the caravan trade in gold, salt and slaves and through pilgrimages to Mecca. Hence, if they had produced literature, drama, history, poetry, philosophy, law codes, medical texts, science or mathematics of any value, it would at least partially have been preserved. If they had produced architecture, universities, valuable social, political or religious institutions, mechanical inventions, new agricultural techniques or military innovations, they would almost certainly have been recorded by Arab travelers. What we actually know about the culture and civilization levels of these kingdoms is essentially what Basil Davidson wrote about Timbuktu in a 1959 work, from which Chu and Skinner copiously borrow: "No one can say how much it [the culture] flowered, nor what fruits it bore, for the books that men read or wrote there are lost or not yet found. . . ." (Or never existed—N.W.) If there were Ghanaian Roger Bacons, Abelards and Chaucers, they sank, like the lost continent of Atlantis, without a trace.

BY CONTRAST, *Black History,* edited by Melvin Drimmer, is a collection of 31 contributions by men of recognized competence and, in many cases, scholarship. Philip Curtin's essay on African history is particularly stimulating and the excerpt from Stanley Elkins' *Slavery* is worth re-reading. Unfortunately, the contributions reflect a single basic viewpoint and the unwary reader may conclude from the book's essential unanimity that open historical questions are closed ones. John Hope Franklin, for instance, defends the politicians of Reconstruction—Negroes, carpetbaggers and scalawags—from the traditional charges of venality, incompetence and clownishness by crying race prejudice and pointing to the prevailing corruption of the age. Readers would not realize from this and similar contributions that some of the most telling attacks on the Reconstruction legislatures came from Northern abolitionists who traveled South and were shocked at what they found. These men were familiar with the political mores of the North and were prejudiced, if at all, in favor of the Negro. The book is also marred by Dr. Drimmer's tendency to moralize and engage in revolutionary exhortation where critical commentary would have been more appropriate.

EXAGGERATION, misrepresentation and falsification of Negro achievements is a dangerous way of attempting to strengthen the collective self-respect and racial pride of the colored population, or, for that matter, of any ethnic minority. In the long run, the truth does seem to prevail. The disillusion likely to ensue when the falsity of current Negrophile propaganda becomes generally evident may be shattering. A positive statement of the achievements of Negro kingdoms in ancient Africa and the Negro populations

of the New World would be useful, but this statement should be subject to the same exacting criteria of evidence and truth as any other historical inquiry. □

RECORDS

Andrew Imbrie: Violin Concerto (Carroll Glenn, violinist); and Cecil Effinger: Little Symphony No. 1, Zoltan Rozsnyai conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
Columbia MS 6597

Richard Rodney Bennett: Symphony No. 1; and Arnold Bax: Overture to a Picaresque Comedy; and Lennox Berkeley: Divertimento. Igor Buketoff conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.
Victor LSC 3005

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, JOHANN SEBASTIAN

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

If you are at all involved in an art, whether it's language or sound or color that you are shaping, you will spend much of your time puzzling over The Tradition. In order to communicate, it is necessary for you to work within The Tradition. This you know, but you refuse (being an artist) to be content with simple repetition. Now you face the problem of being creative, inventive, innovative, fresh, original, bright, new and astonishing—while continuing to communicate. So you must stop to think what is permanent and what is not permanent in The Tradition. To be more accurate (a virtue ratified by tradition), you must forever choose between the elements of The Tradition that are easily set aside, and those that seem more securely fixed.

The art of the Great Bach (1685-1750) is with us still—almost everything he wrote, in his amazingly productive life, is in the active repertory—because he exemplifies in his music two of the qualities that have come to define music in our thinking: a steady beat, and clarity of sound.

Andrew Imbrie's magnificent and austere violin concerto triggered those thoughts a moment ago. Mind you, this is "modern" music (the composer was born in 1921). I myself seldom react to modern music, perhaps because little of it is truly good: i.e., perhaps because this age is very like all earlier ages sporting only a handful of composers who will last. If there is any validity in atonality or tunelessness, it must be that it suggests tonality and tuneful ness; it is the musical equivalent of the

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litotes. Syncopation reinforces the beat by requiring the listener to supply it. It is good instrumental writing, this Imbrie. I recommend the work to experienced musicians of any age, and inexperienced listeners younger than I.

Effinger's a Colorado lad. His Little Symphony was born in 1945, under the influence of Mozart. Thoroughly "modern," just as Prokofiev's Classical Symphony is modern, the Effinger work (eleven minutes long) is uncloyed delight from flourish to finale.

Bennett's symphony is an escapade for full orchestra—a demonstration of the capabilities of the instrument. He knows, *pace* Honegger, that an orchestra is not a choo-choo train. The work is large, lyrical, dramatic, unfailingly interesting. Recommended for adults.

ARNOLD BAX's particular gift is wild fancy and uninhibited lingo. He takes a full symphony orchestra and twirls it around his little finger, no doubt while carrying on an impolite badinage with one of the oyster-girls "who go about town." This chivalric romp is a sort of musical summation of the overstatement that characterized the medieval farce, a zany mixture of Pierre Pathelin and Orlando Furioso. The musical ideas are actually old hat and the orchestration is Rimsky warmed over, but the manipulation of the current idiom is a lesson in itself. I know of no music that is more irresistible than this. It sets the toe to tapping, and there are songs in your mind for hours after you have turned off the machine. Do, do get this one and hear it, just for the fun of it.

Lennox Berkeley's Divertimento is a masterwork. Or at least it is so in my humble opinion, which is the only opinion I have, and therefore I am naturally very proud of it. The second movement, a solemn message, can only have been a stroke of sheer inspiration. If I die rich, I shall hope to have it played at my funeral. More precisely yet: rich or poor, when I die I hope I may be thought to merit such an elegy. For this is indeed the music of moral sustenance.

The scherzo and finale of the Berkeley work are splendid revels. Music has never been far from revelry whether religious or anti-religious, and the beat of the drum and the whicker of the fife can always make our bones jangle. The Divertimento goes caprioling away in the staccato of the snare and the blur of a trombone glissando, and I defy you to listen to the last two movements sitting quiet in a chair. First you will start moving, whether it's a hand beating time or a toe fussing around with dance steps you never heard the music for until this moment. Then you'll be out of your chair, moving around, waving your arms, ducking your head in time, setting sail onto this demanding ocean of sound, moving with it, getting with it, being thankful for it. This is the gypsy, here spin the minstrels, now here is truly the troubadour. Sing and dance! Sing, dance! Keep the beat, supply the melody—and here we are again back at the unaccompanied violin sonatas of Johann Sebastian Bach: some of the most melodious music ever deprived of melody, the most rhythmic ever unaccompanied, the most "austere" in texture and "modern" in cerebralness. Which is to say that we are working within The Tradition.

I have had occasion to complain about charlatanry in modern music, and this is my opportunity to right the balance and give welcome to the truly fine in contemporary composition. These are men who should be celebrated. The age is not unredeemed. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AMERICA WE LOST, *by Mario Pei (World, $4.95).* This book, subtitled "The Concerns of a Conservative," is a delightful potpourri of Professor Pei's social and political thought. Many of the chapters have previously been published in *Reader's Digest* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* as well as in several scholarly journals; and all contain Pei's fundamental concern with what has happened, and is happening to the United States. When he emigrated to America from Italy in 1908, he learned, he says, a new meaning for the word "liberty"—freedom from government. From that point on, he became a conservative and an eloquent defender of the American way of life. What he most fears is the "Europeanization" of America, which he has observed taking place over the past thirty years. By that he means the growth of big government ". . . along with the vanishing of the American spirit of freedom and opportunity and its replacement by a breathless search for 'security' that is doomed to defeat in advance in a world where nothing, not even life, is secure." Professor Pei has much to say about such subjects as Communism, bureaucracy, the Supreme Court, and modern education. Everything he says, he says with a straightforward, old-fashioned honesty that is at once disarming and noble. Like most foreign-born

(Continues on p. 1027)

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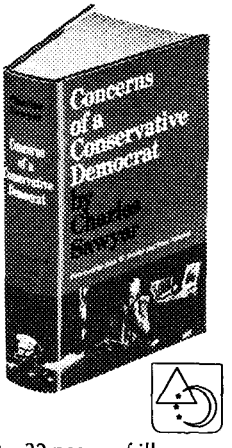

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

NOTES FROM NORWAY

HAMMERFEST. Jarl Andersen and Erik Rakfjord called on us at the hotel and took us to see their town from the top of a mountain. The last time I had seen Hammerfest, the northernmost town in the world, 'way above the Arctic Circle, was in the deepest winter, when the day is almost totally dark. Now the water of the harbor sparkled in the indescribably clear and intense light of these latitudes, and the Findus fish processing plant, the town's economic keystone, looked like a large, modern plant rather than a palace glowing with lights. Harold, my husband, said that Hammerfest looked like a cubist painting to him, with its almost identical concrete houses, painted green, ochre, yellow, blue and red, laid out in tidy tiers against the bleak gray mountains that encircle the town. Hammerfest is brand-new, built after the Germans destroyed it totally in their 1945 retreat, when they scorched the earth in the whole province of Norway's northernmost province of Finnmark. The town had grown very much, like all the towns in North Norway, with people drained from no longer profitable small-time farming and fishing on lonely islands and fjords. As in all of the cities of North Norway, church and town hall show outstanding, very modern design. Late tulips bloomed around a fountain donated by a former American ambassador. Pretty, dark-eyed and dark-haired Erli Romberg Berentsen, the wife of Finnmark's talented and energetic tourist director who functions from Alta, came to see us with her bonnie two-year-old lad. Like all Norwegian ladies, however small or distant the town, she was properly dressed, hatted and gloved as if in Oslo. We met in the street, embraced, and Harold relieved her of baby buggy, poodle and umbrella as a man used to these things. We fed the kid *Is*, the soft ice that has conquered all of Norway as a national passion. Strong men lick it with unabashed pleasure.

Alta. Apples, straw- and other berries grow in these sheltered valleys under the intensive summer sun which barely sets. But this summer was bad, and the people suffered greatly from the lack of sunshine; people here need every minute of it, physically and spiritually, to survive the long dark winters, Agnar, Erli's husband, a dear, dear old friend, awaits us in this widely scattered town, the gateway to Finnmark's interior and to the famous, high-priced salmon streams ($5,000 a week and more). Once these streams were the prerogative of rich English dukes; now you find American industrialists. The Alta Hotel, modern, comfortable, with an English-speaking staff, is indeed cosmopolitan with scores of French, German, Swiss and even Italian tourists, who come by car or in buses. Excellent roads have been constructed by the Norwegian, Swedish and Finnish governments, leading from one country into the other. This network makes for painless Arctic trips to places previously reached by boat only. Norway's North has become the in-thing for Europe's lovers of spectacular scenery. Once you've been there, you know why and want to go back.

Kautokeino. Almost all the people in this town are Lapps, who live off reindeer and wear their traditional blue and red costumes. But they live in modern houses, complete with TV antennae and electric stoves, taking to tents only for their summer pasturing on the coast. The children go to special schools, where they are taught to honor their own cultural traditions. Unlike our American Indians, Lapps are full-fledged Norwegian citizens, and treated as such. Here too, there is a most handsome, large new hotel. The road to Kautokeino, over the rolling plateau rimmed by mountains, is most beautiful in its wilderness and solitude. There are lakes, and the groundcover is dwarf birches, no higher than five inches. The reindeer are very small, with gentle faces and a capacity for utter stillness.

Trondheim. This is St. Olav's city (patron saint of Norway), and the old capital of the country. Norway's kings are still crowned in the enormous, Gothic cathedral built by English stonemasons in the manner of the great English cathedrals. It is odd to come on so English a building in this ravishing city of wide streets lined with low, eighteenth-century wooden houses, painted yellow. Copenhagen, I think, and Trondheim are the most enchanting cities of Scandinavia, and may any Swede shoot me, I will stand by my opinion.

WE SINK into luxury at the Prinsen hotel, and eat far too much of the irresistible food in the Grill. Norwegians like music, dancing and entertainment with their festive dinners, and in the Summer Dining Room, banked with flowers, a girl singer, a refugee from East Germany, with her band of Czechs and Yugoslavs, holds us in the hollow of her hand. There is the great joy of seeing dear old friends. Per and Adelaide Innset's children are now a delicious young lady of sixteen and a sturdy boy of eleven; they are allowed to come to the dinner party their parents are giving for us to meet other old friends and they behave with the utmost good manners amidst the adult conversation. Mr. Wettergren and Leif Heddahl are part of the group; when I first went to Trondheim for a writing job, they taught me to love this town above all others in Norway. Here we are in Norway's heartland, from the days of St. Olav the center of the country's culture. The pilgrims to St. Olav's shrine came through the Gulbrandsdal as they did on the Canterbury Way, over the harsh mountains of the Dovrefell. You still feel their presence in the enormous cathedral, even though the new quarters of the prosperous town stretch long into the hills and valleys behind it. And yet, after a twenty-minute drive, the solitude of deep pine forests is yours. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

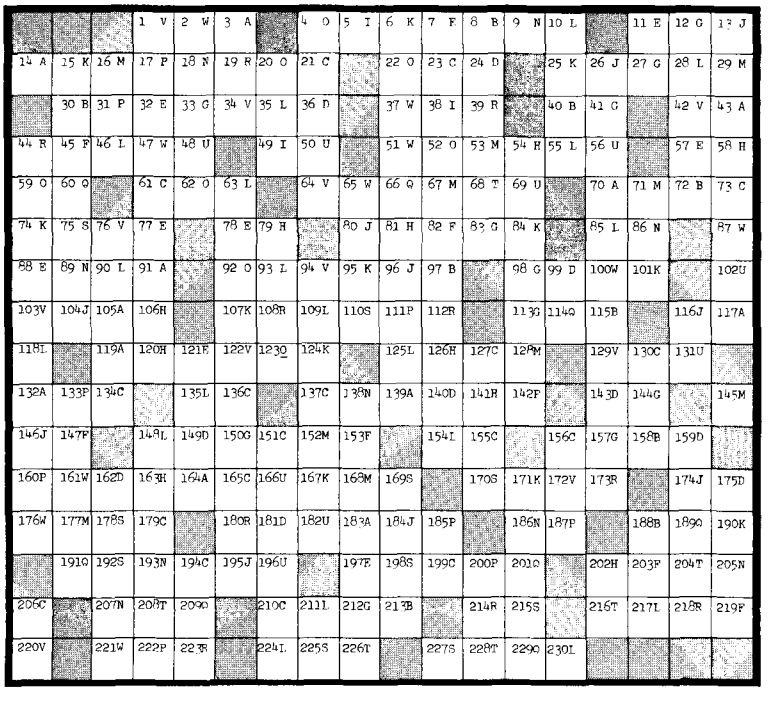
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. May she live forever (motto of Idaho)	3 14 43 117 70 91 105 119 132 139 / 164 183
B. A road for traffic beneath a railroad	8 188 115 158 72 30 40 213 97
C. Where the Savior was betrayed	21 127 137 151 156 165 136 155 179 199 / 61 23 206 210 194 73 130 134
D. Calmness	24 181 140 149 159 99 162 175 143 36
E. What the fisherman has left after paying expenses	32 77 7 11 121 88 57 78 197
F. An ornamental motif having the form of an arrangement of acanthus leaves (furniture term).	45 153 203 82 219 147
G. The primary reason for government is its maintenance (and isn't it doing one Hell of a job of it?!)	83 27 98 33 41 113 144 150 157 212 / 12
H. An important railroad employee	106 54 58 126 163 202 79 81 120 141
I. He hit over 500 homers	38 49 5
J. A member of the family *Belonidae*, having a sharp beak	116 13 26 184 96 104 174 195 80 146
K. A sewing or bookbinding term, the first part of which is also used by jockeys	167 6 25 74 84 95 107 124 171 190 / 15 101

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. A matriarchy such as Rip Van Winkle lived under	55 10 28 35 85 90 109 125 135 148 / 154 211 217 224 230 46 63 93 118
M. A type of progression	71 16 67 145 29 128 152 168 177 53
N. A great Dutch painter	89 138 205 18 193 207 86 186 9
O. To strike with sudden and overpowering wonder	92 4 22 59 20 123 52 62
P. Solzhenitsyn wrote a book about a day in his life	111 31 142 200 185 187 133 17 160 222
Q. Brought into a more desirable condition	114 60 191 201 189 66 229 209
R. Garment worn by an athlete to prevent chill or to induce perspiration	180 108 223 218 214 112 173 19 39 44
S. The man I would like to have debate Casey Stengel	192 75 169 225 178 198 215 170 227 110
T. A type of aristocracy	216 204 208 226 68 228
U. Equipped or furnished	50 182 48 102 166 69 196 56 131
V. Deposits formed on floors of caves by dripping of percolating calcareous water (not insects found in German prison camps!)	64 1 42 34 129 94 122 103 172 220 / 76
W. Safe against thieves	100 2 51 37 221 47 176 161 65 87

See page 1026 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

(cont. from p. 1023)

citizens, Professor Pei possesses an amazing capacity for reminding us of what America is supposed to be about. This alone is worth the price of admission.

P. P. WITONSKI

SPENSER'S IMAGES OF LIFE, *by C. S. Lewis; edited by Alastair Fowler (Cambridge, $3.95).* Almost certainly, this is the last new work we will ever have from the pen of the late C. S. Lewis, and even this is not entirely from his pen. Mr. Fowler has taken Professor Lewis' notes for his course of lectures on Spenser—notes which Lewis himself had intended to make into a book—and expanded them into what may be considered a rough and rather brief approximation of the book Lewis would have written had he lived. If it lacks some of the style of his finished work (there are no great periods like the conclusion to his inaugural lecture or to his essay on "The Anthropological Approach"), it nonetheless should serve to set critics of Spenser on a new and profitable track, in much the same way his *Preface to Paradise Lost* should have served to set critics of Milton on a new and profitable track. For, just as Dante's *Commedia* is "both a mimesis of the whole spiritual life and also first-class science fiction," so *The Faerie Queene* (he argues) is to be read not only as a straightforward narrative, as it was read by Cowley in the seventeenth century and the Romantics and Tennyson in the nineteenth, but also as an iconographic or emblematic pageant or series of pageants, polyphonically interwoven and depending for their response both on a liking for pageants (which has been largely lost) and on a knowledge of the emblems and iconography involved (which also has been largely lost). It is, admittedly, doubtful whether even the brilliance of C. S. Lewis can restore reading Spenser as a popular pastime in our current counter-romantic age, but this book should restore a measure of understanding to those who do read him, and that in itself is no small valediction.

J. C. LOBDELL

THE MAKING OF A COAST GUARD OFFICER, *by Joseph Henry Hughes, Jr. (Philosophical Library, $5.95).* In preparing the story of his son's growing up, his career at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, and his subsequent death in an automobile accident, the author can be pardoned for his sentimentality in having preserved all of his son's diaries and letters. He need not, however, have included the incredible amount of trivia that fill most of the book's 412 pages. Hughes does include a couple of essays, interesting to conservatives, written by his boy in high school, that relate to the cold war. The only logical reason to attempt the book, though, is to glean a fair idea of Coast Guard training prior to going into it.

D. B. DUVAL.

HART

(cont. from p. 1009)

there are differences among these people, differences that matter.

So there is no doubt that aesthetic appeal, *qua* aesthetic appeal—the appeal of "interestingness"—is corrupt. To the extent that Shakespeare admired Iago as necessary to the aesthetic pattern of the tragedy of *Othello*, just as necessary as the good Desdemona, and more interesting by far than "noble Cassio," Shakespeare was trifling with something very odd.

The oddity, the moral ambiguity of the aesthetic—of pleasure, of freedom itself—is, for example, the central subject of Thomas Mann's art: conscience versus pleasure, the moral versus the artistic, the bourgeois versus the bohemian. And is there not a taint of corruption about Burke's sentence itself: "Vice lost half its evil by losing all of its grossness"?

Still, as at Versailles, the demands of the aesthetic, the demands of the pleasurable, will more and more condition our cultural experience—even in the supposedly practical realm of politics.

Enjoy it. Avoid bores. And fast during Lent, for these our actors will soon vanish into air, thin air, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. □

INVASION

(cont. from p. 1013)

erned: double-talk, insincerities, reading between lines and sabotage where it can be risked? Or will the people turn their backs on the party which—at the moment—alone can mediate between them and the Soviets? This is quite possible. The rift between Czechs and Slovaks that was temporarily bridged by their common danger, may grow deeper. Mutual suspicion and distrust, only too natural under the circumstances, could destroy a common front of resistance. Certain signs point in this direction.

In the meantime the Iron Curtain has descended over this region. The economic prospects for Czechoslovakia are disastrous: the damage done by the occupation amounts to several billion Czech crowns. Cultural and intellectual life will come to a standstill. (The Prime Minister has warned a number of artists and writers to flee.) The Muses are silent in the penal colony that Czechoslovakia is destined to become. The echo abroad was, at first, one of near disbelief: "The Russians must be crazy!" But they have, in a way, simply acted in keeping with their ideology. The kissing scenes at Bratislava airport are not at all in contradiction with the specter of Dubcek shot in the nape of the neck . . . historic executions frequently have been preceded by a kiss. This is "dialectical materialism." "Moscow does not believe in tears," is an old Russian proverb that has been given a new and far more terrible meaning in our age. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 990)

ing it out a man was not depriving himself of a chance to increase his capital.

Moreover, money was borrowed in those times almost always for the necessities of life. Men did not need large sums of capital to establish businesses as industrialization had not yet made its appearance. Therefore to charge interest on a loan was, in effect, to profit from another's deprivation. This, of course, under certain conditions, would still constitute the sin of usury.

So in actuality the Church's teachings on usury have not changed, but rather the situation to which they apply.

New York, N.Y. ANDREW J. MCCAULEY

Right Strategy, Wrong Date

Concerning your gibe at the Democrats' Southern strategy [The Week, Sept. 10]: Adlai's running-mate in 1956 was Estes Kefauver, not Sparkman, who ran in 1952. However, you make your point.

Columbus, Ohio H. GERALD PROKUPEK

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The Reaction to the Encyclical

On The Right

New York, Sept. 17—The reaction to the encyclical of Pope Paul VI has been of many kinds, ranging from intelligent and conscientious, all the way over to *Punch*. *Punch* is the well-known English humor magazine of illustrious lineage which is nowadays edited by Bernard Hollowood, who continues to believe, one suspects, that his journal is the last word in civilized chic. He greeted the encyclical with a long editorial entitled "Sex and the Single Pope" (*Punch* thinks of itself as a taste-setter), accompanied by an enormous cartoon depicting a complacent Pope Paul being carried in his papal throne on the shoulders of a mass of emaciated, scrofulous children, and the caption, "Suffer little children . . ."

The encyclical, says *Punch,* "has saddened all humanists who were under the impression that dogmatic religion was losing its doleful grip on the mind of man." But the editor is not nearly through. "It is clear," he laments, that many people have "not yet been able to escape into independence of mind from the mysticism and bigotry of ancient times."

The only good thing about the encyclical, says the editor, who begins to sound like John Galt, is that it will drive "another nail in the coffin of organized mysticism." Unfortunately, in the meantime, "countless millions of lives will be blighted by the totalitarianism of fearful faith before mankind as a whole ascends to the age of reason." (Now he sounds like Robespierre.) And, by way of reiterating his disgust, "What is so staggering about the current controversy is that so much attention should be paid to the mental processes and decisions of one man and his team of male advisers living unnaturally and remotely in a miasma of outdated obsessions." There follow a few stretches of factual misinformation ("Intercourse, says the Pope, is immoral unless there is in it the possibility of the transmission of life"—the Pope says no such thing), ending up with a pitch for the overthrowing of "decrepit dogma."

Now there are many grounds for disagreeing with the conclusions reached by the Pope. Non-Catholics are, to begin with, free of any ties that bind them to submission to papal authority. Even so, they are competent to examine the Pope's reasoning, though their views on the matter, if they speak as *Punch* does, i.e. like the village atheist, are of course uninteresting or rather interesting for different reasons than they think.

But others raise perfectly legitimate questions, and it is obviously the responsibility of Catholic spokesmen to do the best they can to acknowledge that consequences of Catholic teaching are visited not only on Catholics but also on others, and that although the community of the generous will concede that that is sometimes good, some will argue that that is sometimes bad: as in the present instance. Overpopulation, for instance in Latin America, will not become an exclusively Catholic problem.

A prominent Jewish theologian, Dr. Will Herberg, writes about the population explosion that, after all, there are at least three known ways of coping with it. One is contraception. A second is abortion. A third, and far and away the most efficient, is infanticide. "It is sure, painless, and it enables the parents or society to select which children, boys or girls, are to be preserved. Moreover, infanticide was practiced, for perhaps a thousand years, by the most civilized people of antiquity, the Greeks." So why not?

"Because and only because it runs counter to our moral convictions. In other words," says Dr. Herberg, "approval or disapproval of any particular method of population control, including contraception, is basically a moral, not primarily a medical or a demographical question." Accept that structural insight, and the argument can go forward. Refuse to accept it, and you will sound punchy.

The Catholic Church is in great ferment, as everybody knows. As not everybody knows, the efforts of the renewalists are in many cases driving Catholics away from the Church. "Catholic renewalists," observes Protestant theologian Martin Marty, "engage in overkill when their attempt to reform the Church leads to their removal from it."

The crisis of authority is the derivative crisis, It is more important by far, ultimately, than the population explosion because if moral authority and moral considerations, indeed if all of religion, is extirpated from the face of the earth, there will then be, and for the first time, good reason for wishing that there should be an end not merely to the population explosion, but to population. □

THE ATTEMPT TO TURN ON CHICAGO

New York, Sept. 20 — My young visitor chatted about some of the achievements of the chemical industry and some of its headaches. For instance, how to protect city water supplies. Take what happened a few days ago just before the convention opened in Chicago, the young chemical engineer went on. The cops caught a couple of hippies pouring a fortune's worth of LSD into the city water supply. What they didn't know is what any freshman in chemistry would know, that chlorine neutralizes lysergic acid, so that the LSD didn't take. The police have hushed up the story—they don't want the city to panic. It's bad enough as it is (we spoke on the day that Mr. Humphrey was nominated).

Little did I know how resolutely the police intended to guard their secret. I reported the incident to the editors of *Combat,* NATIONAL REVIEW'S new anti-leftist newsletter, and an account of it appeared in the opening issue. *Time* Magazine, appraising that issue, labeled the story as "more colorful than correct, since there are no reservoirs in Chicago, and LSD would have no effect anyway." The *New York Times* checked out the story: and was informed, one infers from the subsequent silence, that it was apocryphal.

Here are the facts (My God, I sound like Drew Pearson!): Chicago's "reser-

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voir" is Lake Michigan. Nobody is likely to attempt to contaminate Lake Michigan, so that the Chicago police, putting on *Time* and the *New York Times*, were technically correct in saying that nobody threw LSD into Chicago's "reservoir." What happens between Lake Michigan and the drinking glass, however, is that the water is drawn from Lake Michigan, filtered, and then stored and chlorinated in lakeside banks. At 2:30 A.M. on August 22, a guard at one of the newer water treatment plants, built on 51 acres of filled-in lakefront, surprised two boys and a girl, all three of them from the Chicago area and all of them in their early twenties, dumping a quart-sized glass jar of crystallized LSD into the plant's final holding tank. Although the miscreants have since then been utterly uncommunicative, acting on the advice of their lawyer, they did admit, on being apprehended, that they had poured out the contents of a quart into the holding tank every single night for a week, and were baffled at their failure to turn on Chicago.

The police sent the empty jar to the laboratory to confirm that its contents were LSD. They then shut off the bank, tested the water, and found it pure. Indeed, they even found that the chlorine content was at the normal level (one part per million parts of water). This was testimony to a smoothly functioning automatic chlorine regulator which pumped in more as existing chlorine was dissipated by the LSD. At the ratio of one/one-million, the holding tank could have absorbed twenty times as much LSD as had been tossed into it, raising the interesting question: what would happen if more than twenty times as much acid as was used in Chicago were poured into a reservoir which, unlike the supermodern installation in Chicago, doesn't have the benefit of an automatic chlorinator?

And what if—the chemical engineer gave several examples—other drugs and most frighteningly poisons, of the variety that are not neutralized by chlorine, were introduced into the water systems? There are infinite variables in the situation. Opium, for instance, does not deliquesce at an even rate, like LSD: so that an attempt to turn on a city by opium could result in one individual's drinking a perfectly harmless dose at one drinking fountain, while his neighbor, at an adjacent fountain, gulped down a lethal dose.

The police in Chicago don't know what to do. There are plenty of laws knocking around. The flower children used a ladder, scaled a barbed wire fence, had no difficulty in reaching over to the ground level tanks, which are covered only by open grillwork. There is a temptation to drop the prosecution in order to keep the story quiet. If on the other hand they did prosecute, even *Time* and the *New York Times* would hear about it, and the craze might spread. On the other hand, three contaminators could be sent up for a good long time if you add together all the laws they violated, including, possibly, a federal national security statute. As always, a dilemma.

Chicago has meanwhile instituted, following the episode of a fortnight ago, a 24-hour guard over its water reservoirs, and young chemists, who know the horrors that deranged laboratory technicians are capable of, tremble at the thought of what could be. □

A GREAT DEBATE?

New York, Sept. 26—You will see the pressure increase on Congress to pass special legislation to permit the networks to single out the two leading Presidential contenders for special treatment. The idea is to relieve the networks of the statutory obligation to provide equal time to all candidates, from Richard Nixon to Lar Daly. Two questions are posed:

1) Should Congress oblige? It was much easier to say yes in 1960 when John Kennedy and Richard Nixon were the candidates of about 99 per cent of the people. Today the third candidate, George Wallace, is the apparent choice of approximately 20 per cent of the people, so that there would be no disguising the fact that congressional legislation favoring Humphrey and Nixon would be something of a bill of attainder against George Wallace, as a House committee has in effect acknowledged.

But then the networks are not disposed to grant equal time to George Wallace, and the two principal candidates are emphatic in their refusal to debate with Wallace. That would appear to present a dilemma—which, however, is hardly impassable. Surely the thing for Congress to do is nothing at all (so often the right thing for Congress to do). Let the candidates purchase their network time. Coast-to-coast prime time costs a great deal of money, but then the candidates have a great deal of money, and it is deceptive for them to go about poor-mouthing as though any failure by Congress to act, will mean their inability to reach the voters.

A study of the television budgets of the candidates, including Wallace, shows that money has been committed even as it stands for prime time TV. This is still a partially free country, and if Nixon and Humphrey want to debate without Wallace, let them hire the time, split the cost, and proceed to do so, end problem.

Except 2) that the question naturally arises in the Nixon camp, should Nixon debate? One begins a discussion of the question by recalling that he has said that he would debate the Democratic candidate and that, to be sure, is a problem.

The ethics on the matter of debate between Presidential contenders have not crystallized. 1960 was, of course, the first debate, and the magnitude of its consequences has not yet been thoroughly assimilated. A year or two after taking office, President Kennedy was asked point-blank whether he would debate the Republican candidate in 1964. Under the influence, presumably, of a chivalrous sense of obligation to an encounter that propelled him into the White House, Kennedy said yes, he would. Lyndon Johnson said no, and was subject to a little teasing by the Goldwater people, but Johnson loftily replied that he did not believe it prudent for a President of the United States to submit to debate, and I for one agree with him. Agree not only with his position but with the larger position involving not only Presidents but also Presidential candidates.

I do not believe that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Humphrey should debate. The stakes are too high, and are awarded to a candidate for reasons extrinsic to his qualifications for office. It often happens that one and the same man is brilliantly qualified to lead his country and to win a debate—one thinks of Lincoln and Churchill. But it often happens otherwise, and I struggle to make the point without partisanship. Thomas Dewey could unquestionably have chopped off FDR's head in a debate, but although I'd have preferred him as President, indeed all the more so if he had chopped off FDR's head, I cannot relate my preference for him to his obviously superior skill at debate.

Nixon and Humphrey are, forensically, pretty well matched. But suppose one of them has a bad night? What about the gambles the runner-up is in a position to take? Do we really desire to stretch even further the telegenic aspect of the candidate? If I were Nixon I'd say: no. He will take a lot of flak for it, but so what else is new. Better to say it flatly like LBJ, than to fiddle around with all kinds of contrivances like waiting for congressional action and the rest of it. Better not to be tricky. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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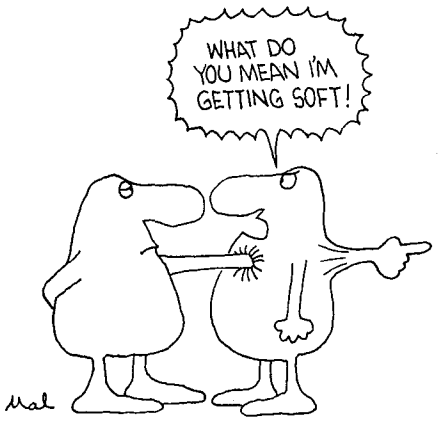
FOR THE RECORD

Lesser Evil." , , , Gov. **Mills Godwin** out of campaign. **John Kenneth Galbraith** now "hints" he may be able to bring himself to support **Humphrey** after all. Galbraith headed ADA group that backed the **McCarthy** candidacy. . . . **McCarthy** himself, still in France, is expected to come out for ticket, reluctantly, sometime in October. His unsuccessful campaign, he says, cost between $4 million and $5 million. . . . Peppy **Pierre Salinger**, now heading the Humphrey operation among Americans in Europe, taking the low road—"**Nixon** is a white-gloved **George Wallace**." etc. . . . Latest Humphrey ploy, to get super-dove **Arthur Goldberg** to head a Citizens for Humphrey-Muskie group. . . . Disgruntled McCarthyites are planning to launch nationwide anti-HHH bumper sticker campaign: "Nixon Is the Lesser Evil." . . . Gov. **Mills Godwin** of Virginia has refused outright to campaign for HHH, although he has endorsed ticket. . . . The **Progressive** Magazine, once very much in the "old" Humphrey's pocket, refuses to back him a/c Vietnam.

■ Good news for Nixon: A late **Gallup** indicates that 27 per cent more Democrats are defecting to Nixon than Republicans defected to **Johnson** in 1964. . . . People around Nixon believe Sen. **Edward Brooke** is getting a little restive at massive exposure he's getting in Nixon campaign. . . . Paddling left, about as fast as he can, New York's newest Sen. **Charles Goodell**—doing his best to erase good ACA rating on his House votes on domestic measures. . . . A Cambridge radio poll of incoming **Harvard** and **Radcliffe** freshmen indicates 60 per cent of them would not vote in Presidential election this year—even if they were old enough. . . . Bigwigs at Washington conference of **Marcus Raskin**'s New Party a fortnight ago included Dr. **Benjamin Spock,** retired pugilist **Gore Vidal**, agitator **Mario Savio** (of Berkeley free-speech fame) and **Peter Yarrow** (of Peter, **Paul** and **Mary**). Meeting decided against running Presidential slate this year; will back peace candidates in local elections.

■ Unexpected fallout from Chicago: a proposal to allow **nineteen-year-olds** to vote in North Dakota was knocked down. Earlier polls showed North Dakotans 60 per cent in favor of change. . . . Mayor **Daley**'s mail now close to 90,000—all but about 6,000 pro-him. . . . Negro columnist **Julius Lester** urges Negro radicals to get together with white radicals who are also committed to "the death of the present order and the creation of a new one." Lester warns that what is ahead for The Movement is "the knock on the door in the middle of the night." . . . A former SNCC colleague of **Stokely Carmichael** comments on the Carmichael-SNCC bustup of mid-July: "SNCC is dead and Carmichael is alive and well in the Panthers." Inside story of tempestuous meeting between Panthers, Carmichael and **James Forman** of SNCC indicates guns were drawn and that Forman ended up in a hospital. . . . According to columnist **Jack O'Brian**, Columbia SDS leader **Mark Rudd** has applied for admission to Fordham and been turned down (Catholic Church has enough trouble without Rudd.) . . . The Communist *World* has finally figured out why the **Russians** were right to occupy **Czechoslovakia**. It was because "timely action by the Warsaw Pact nations established in Czechoslovakia an immovable block in the path of neo-Nazi militarism." . . . *World* Prague correspondents **Eleanor** and **George Wheeler** objected wildly to *World* support of the occupation. In article in West Coast Communist *People's World*, they reported: "There was no counter-revolution here, only plans for better socialism, for democratic socialism."



■ For the first time in five years Soviet radio stations are jamming Russian-language **Voice of America** broadcasts. Jamming started Aug. 21, day of the invasion. . . . Warsaw Pact action is said to be reason Communists lost five of their eight seats in the **Swedish Riksdag** a couple of weeks ago. . . . The Moscow-oriented **Argentine** and **Colombian** Communist parties support the attack on Czech "counter-revolutionaries." . . . Greatly to the disappointment of his European disciples, **Herbert Marcuse** announced in Rome the other day that there is "greater freedom of thought and of speech in the United States than in any other country in the world."

■ Going the political rounds in Washington: 1) "That damned **Humphrey**, he may just throw this election into the House of Representatives." 2) This is the year "to bolt the party of your choice." And, 3) appearing on cars, red-white-and-blue star-spangled bumper stickers saying: "**Nobody**."

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Brief Against Death

written by Edgar Smith in his eleventh year on death row

Introduction by William F. Buckley, Jr.

Edgar Smith was 23 when, on the morning of March 5, 1957, the body of 15-year-old Victoria Zielinski of Mahwah, N. J., was found in a sandpit, her skull crushed, her clothes dishevelled in a fashion to suggest sexual assault.

He was picked up by the police the same day. Three months later he was convicted of the murder.

Brief Against Death, written in his 11th year in the Death House, is his own story of his arrest, interrogation, trial, imprisonment and 4,000-day battle to set aside the verdict and establish his innocence.

The New York Times says:

"His book is the most recent exhibit of his remarkable intellectual growth. It is all at once . . . an autobiography, a crime thriller, a portrait of life on Death Row and finally a brilliantly reasoned legal tract, lucid and well-constructed . . . He seems to shoot the prosecution's case and the conduct of the trial full of holes . . . A book so absorbing that it should earn enough money to finance his continuing legal fight. It is an extraordinary accomplishment."

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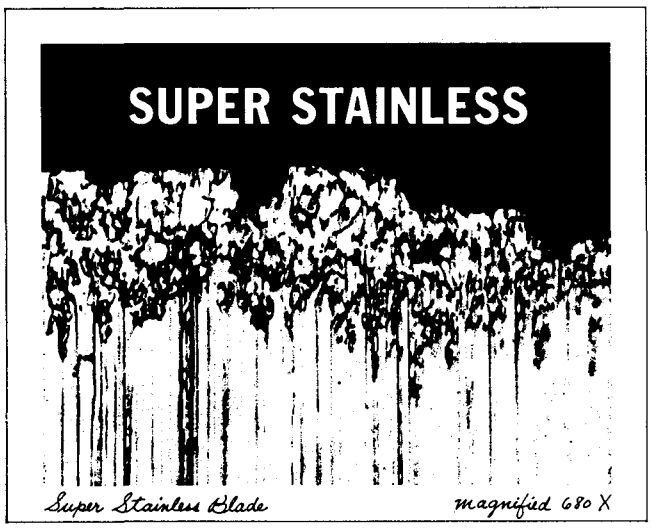
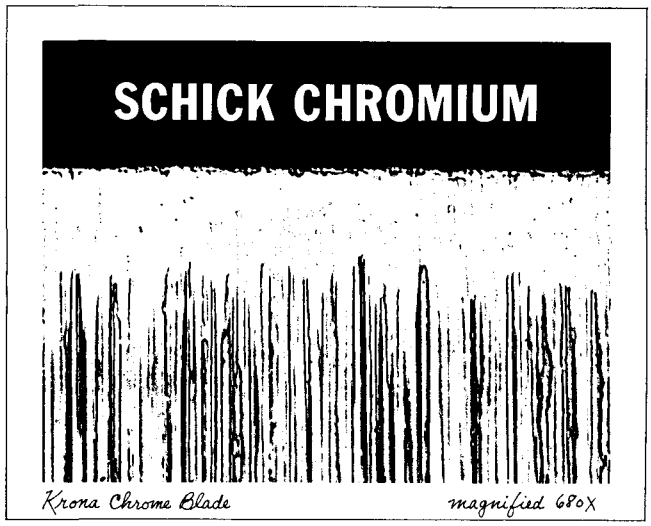
All super stainless razor blades are obsolete.



All super stainless blades are subject to corrosion. This, for instance, is a section of a super stainless edge with a plastic coating, after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new Krona-Chrome plastic-coated chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

Only Schick Krona-Chrome® has the chromium edge.

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